Vol. VI. AUGUST, 1891. No. 8.

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A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Journal of Liberal Christianity.

Vol. VI. AUGUST, 1891. No. 8.

*HYMN.**

BY REV. A. A. LIVERMORE, D.D.

Proclaim, O brothers, with your might the word,
'Twas thus the men of old the gospel heard;
From land to land the joyful tidings ran,—
Forth bear you on the strain that then began.

The living voice lift up and *preach* the word,
So by the Son of Man the world was stirred;
Speak you the prophet's thunder-tone anew,
Let fall the apostle's plaint of love like dew.

The reverent heart lift up and *pray* the word,
Unite with all the saints in sweet accord;
Ne'er fails our God when we his children call,
But answers back with good to one and all.

The exultant soul lift up and *sing* the word,
Ten thousand seraphs join to praise the Lord;
Begin we now the songs in courts below
Immortals shall inspire with warmer glow.

The faithful hand lift up and *do* the word,
Henceforth your powers for highest service gird;
Not vain are voice, heart, hand, and music's strain,
'Tis so God brings his age of peace amain.

STRENGTH FROM GOD.

SERMON BY REV. JOSEPH MAY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel: have not I sent thee?"—JUDGES vi. 14.

Strangely searching is the power of the eye! Of all the features it is the spiritual one. The others intimate character or mood by association, or perhaps by a natural symbolism. The eye speaks directly for itself. The soul seems behind it, sitting in its inscrutable depths. By the eye we commune even more than by speech. Whatever words say, we look to the eye to weigh and authenticate their meaning. Sympathy, aversion, scorn, pity, rebuke, invitation, not a muscle seems to alter; and yet that tiny orb conveys them all. The personality appears to reside there. And so the force of which each man is possessed there centres, and thence pours forth. As no one can be more than he is, the expression of the eye is probably the surest sensible index to the mass or weight of a man's personality. So its broader characteristics, the purity or impurity, the truth or falsity, the constancy or fickleness, seem also to reveal themselves, almost beyond men's control, through this little window of the soul. And, as purity is always a test, seems always to weigh and convict impurity; innocence, guilt; truth, fasehood,—the glance of the expressive eye has always had a strange influence. The ancients symbolized it in fables like those of the basilisk and of Medusa, whose look turned men to stone. One of the most suggestive minor incidents of the history of Jesus is that where, when Peter had kissed him and the cock had crowed, "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; and Peter remembered his word, and went out and wept bitterly."

It is this *searching* quality especially, I think, more than its mere suggestion of Providence, that has made the eye the symbol even of overruling Deity. The sentiment of God, ingrained in human consciousness, carries with it the sense of being overseen by him. Very terrible that consciousness may sometimes become! In the vain hurry of our lives, borne along like dry leaves in autumn, amid earthliest cares, small ambitions, frivolity, there come to almost every one *pauses*, when a strange Presence seems to brood over one's soul, a penetrating gaze goes down to the deep places of consciousness, carrying one's own with it, to challenge principles and probe

* Written for the graduating exercises at Meadville Theological School, June 12, 1891.

motives, perhaps to discover the hollowness of the life one is leading and the unworthiness of one's aims. Then it may seem—may it not be?—that the Lord is looking on one; and the abashed soul hangs its head.

When guilt has had its way with a man, when he has clutched the coveted gain, dealt the revengeful stroke, and is alone with his deed, then the sense may come awfully to him of Infinite Vision directed full upon him, piercing to his heart's depths; and he longs to hide himself like Adam in the Garden, to flee, like Cain, where those rays cannot come.

Sometimes the Lord's look may bring serenity and comfort. Who can venture to say he has felt it? And yet, after genuine endeavor, in the peace of accomplished generous duty, pure souls do feel it, like the unconsuming rays of the declining sun, soothing them as their day of effort ends.

But on no one is the eye of Omniscience more sensibly bent than on him before whom comes vision of high and exacting duty. As that apocalypse grows clear, rising at first upon conscience in size but as a man's hand, and spreading slowly till the whole prospect is absorbed in it; as he seeks, perhaps, to put it one side, as though it could not be for one like him; as each plea grows futile, and more and more the soul confesses to itself, This duty is for me,—while this struggle proceeds, the Lord's look may seem fastened on him as almost a physical presence, commanding, waiting, unrelaxed, austere, never to be satisfied till the heart rallies to its work, and the hand is put forth to its task.

Almost always a very great duty seems to come to one man alone, and usually the main responsibility for it continues centred in him. Helpers and instruments may be revealed to him as he goes on. But great thoughts do not come to many persons at once. And they who see duty afar off are few. At the outset, he who has discerned it and heard its call seems to himself to stand solitary, weaponless, with the terrible pressure of God's look upon him. He is a prophet of doom to a great city. He is a solitary monk before the vast corruptions of a mighty hierarchy. He is a printer's boy to whom comes the cry of millions of men in bondage. He is a carpenter's son, and a world in misery and sin is calling to him.

And what can such a one do, with the world against him and the eye of the Lord piercing him? Shall he take ship and flee? Still the Lord's eye follows him, in the vessel's hold and the whale's belly. Shall he find refuge in the wilderness? There is no escape. To desert God is but to run into the arms of Satan. How weak he may feel! How he may doubt the possibility that he is chosen for this task! Can he be right, and the great ones of Church and State wrong?

But still the fire of God's eye burns in upon his soul! There is no more peace until, forgetful of his weakness, and consenting to do what he can, the man advances to his service. Then he sees and feels that, though it be not to achieve the whole purpose of God, it is for him to put forth what strength he has, and leave to God the issue. But, when he has reached so far as this, another sense comes over him. Presently he feels—have you never had a thrill of that emotion when you have aroused to a generous work?—that in duty he cannot be alone. No one who serves God is neglected of God. He becomes conscious as of a commission; that he is but God's agent, and God is behind him. The power he has in himself may be little,—that is no matter. To consent to direct it where God would have him,—is not this to range himself with God? And so is not all the force of God actually on his side? "Go in this thy might," God's angel says to him then: "have not I sent thee?" Thy might may be little: it may be but as weakness against the great, hard world. But what is the world against God? "One with God," said the valiant fugitive slave toiling to redeem his fellows,—"one with God is a majority." Giving yourself to the truth, you come to feel the power of truth. Its utter might, the fact that in truth alone is any real strength, its harmony with the universe, its identity with God, reveal themselves; and he who was before timid, and would fain flee, becomes brave as a lion. At first, all he can see is his own poor resources,—that his family is mean, perhaps, and he is the youngest in it. When he has ranged himself at the call of God, he sees that it is not he that is to do the work, but God through him; and so for that work he is not himself, he is Omnipotence.

This is why the true prophet has always

been, as Paul says of Esaias, so "bold." He is no longer himself: he is merged in God. He abides God's ways and time. Not for him to foretell the day or the hour. These knoweth no man, not even the angels of heaven, but the Father only. The result is not, indeed, what he has in view, but only his service. But the result is sure, for it is God's aim and purpose and will. He has no doubt of the end. Though he himself shall not live to see it, yet it shall be true that he shall save Israel. The Cross may loom before him all the way; but the Cross is no symbol of defeat, but of universal victory.

We cannot all be heroes,—at least, in the world's estimation. But are not these truths for us all? "The Lord looketh upon *all* the inhabitants of the earth." Has he not a purpose in all that he has made, or called into being? Then is he not looking upon you and me to see whether we are, and how well we are, carrying that purpose out? There can be no dignified view of our individual lives which is not essentially this: that each represents an idea, a plan. It is by fidelity to this idea, as it reveals itself to you while time runs on, that you make your life a career. The failure of our lives, the meaninglessness, the absence of interest in them, and, on the other hand, the possibility of giving them up to frivolity, to fashion, to senseless ambitions, to self-indulgence, come from our not recognizing that each ought to be the carrying out of a divine idea. Can we always identify it? No: I think not. To few it comes clearly, like Gideon's call or Jonah's or Saul's or Luther's. What we want is not so much to identify it as to feel that it is there, that God knows it, that he has sent us to carry it out, and is looking upon us to see how faithful we are. We can serve it all the same, and almost better, if we can only respond to it by a general surrender of the heart to God's will in us. If a man can but make that self-conquest, can resolve that he is not here to serve himself, but to carry out some thought of God, that he will not live for himself, but for God and his fellow-men, then he is in a way to be led by God, and through the events of his life he will be led, to the accomplishment of that which in him God intends. It is hardly safe to try to identify your life purpose: that is an intellectual effort to trace God's thought, and it is seldom practicable. And we are apt to be led in it by our own pride or ambition or whim. The essential thing is that general self-surrender to the Infinite Will,—the genuine and perfect consent with God, bringing us into a real spiritual union with him. Then we enter into everything to which his Providence leads us with a sense that it is his thought. As such, it is essential to his purpose. And, remember, whatsoever is essential to God's purpose partakes in his majesty. So a dignity comes over commonest things.

> "A servant, with this clause,
> Makes drudgery divine:
> Who sweeps a room as for God's laws
> Makes that and th' action fine."

Thus come three grand things into a man's heart and life: first, a perfect glad indifference as to the form and the theatre of his service; but, second, a fervid zeal for his service; and, third, unlimited power for his service. These three things we need quite as much in our common lives as the great ones need them in theirs.

Surely, that consecrated indifference we need. Whether we will or not, life we must take as it comes to us. We can mould it a little; but, for the most part, it is a factor presented to us. To fret about it is to waste force. But we want something better than a stoical hardness. *This* is what makes it luminous,—the conviction that its issues are all significant; that it has meaning; that, when Providence lifted you upon a high plane, and gave you success, happiness, wealth, intellect, it was for a purpose; and that equally when it struck down your hand as your prize was just within grasp, when it wrecked your happiness, when it gave you the garments of heaviness to wear, when noble powers of which you may be conscious have been steadily hampered by ill health, poverty, sex, or that strange thing which men call "luck," and denied their culture and their outgo; when it has made you little and insignificant instead of important and, as the world goes, great,—that in all this, also, there was purpose. Both these things are hard to see, my friends, and perhaps the former and brighter, which dazzles the eye that sees, as hard as the latter and darker, which obscures the object, God's providence, which we need to

see. But till we do apprehend this truth, as life comes to us, we have not known life. We are still drifting on its surface: we have no moorings in its depths. It is a hard and high effort, in the midst of success and delight, to dedicate all to God. It costs a struggle to accept disappointment, obscurity, defeat, affliction, submitting to God. But he who catches that one great thought of purpose in life has heard the first syllable of God's message to him. And, after the struggle by which he consents to God's will in him, renouncing selfish desire, welcoming trying conditions, accepting a stern commission, always the angels come and minister to him. You shall know you have seen yours; for he will have brought you heaven's sure token,—a heart at rest. So to Gideon, when his first struggle was over, the angel spoke "peace"; and you, like him, when you have triumphed, can go out and build up your altar, "Jehovah-Shalom," "The Lord sends peace."

But God does not send *sloth*. The consciousness of God in our lives, of his thought in their plan, and his spirit with us in their unfolding, always brings that second good thing, *zeal*. You cannot help it. Not even till morning could Gideon wait, but that very night must sally and cast down Baal's altars. Zeal is the natural response of the heart to truth. He who shows it not may have discerned truth with his head, but he has not felt it. He has seen its form: he has not been touched by its essence. Whatever truth really touches you kindles you. Truth is heat; it is an electric fluid: it burns, it agitates. What is there you are ambitious about? Money? self-promotion? fame? What makes you eager? The *truth* in those things has touched you and aroused you. So, if some higher truth penetrates the tissues of your heart, it will likewise quicken you and send you out to serve it. You cannot help it. You follow the vision.

That we give ourselves so to the lower, and are cold and sluggish toward the higher, merely shows that the one has touched us and the other has not. See what a handful of men did for the world eighteen centuries ago! See what as few did for this country thirty or forty years ago! What had happened to these men? *The truth had touched their hearts*, that was all. "I am come to cast fire upon the earth," said Jesus. Would you think so if you looked in at the doors of many of the churches men build in his name? If we all really felt the truths we coolly assent to, we should kindle such a blaze on each altar as would challenge every eye in the community, and warm and beckon every heart.

Probably, let us confess it, we believe something else a little more: that life was made for business; that quiet is a pleasant thing for a man; that the world will move on, though we sit idle; that God will somehow save the world if we do not help him; that we could not help him much if we tried. Suppose the sense of the infinite, indwelling, fatherly God had really entered our bosoms; suppose the example of Jesus and his saints, of older or of modern days, had really touched our hearts; suppose the vanity of the world's life, the need and hunger of many an unknown fainting soul, had wakened our pity,—would what we of the Church are doing for God and man, now, content us? Ah, it would seem but as the coin one tosses to a beggar, and hurries on to his farm or his merchandise! God forgive us!

And, oh, what *force* the clear consciousness of God, the union of our spirits with God, would bring into our lives! Even a man's power is no mean thing, if it is concentrated. We are weak chiefly because there is usually division within us. Conscience hinders selfishness: passion and self-love hamper aspiration. Shakspere says, "Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our faults would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." When a man directs but only his own force all in one channel, he is hard to withstand: sometimes he is terrible. That is the path of success, young man, on whatever plane you choose to move. Witness the world's great ones, evil and good. Witness many a character, in every community, which means to reach its ends,—*and does*.

But add to a man's might God's, and for what is he not sufficient? "By thee have I run through troops," said the Psalmist: "by thee have I overleaped high walls." "Now," said the apostle, "now I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me,"—Christ, the symbol of that spiritual union with God. "I will go to Worms,"

said Luther, "though there be as many devils gathered there as there are tiles on the house-tops!" "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse," said Garrison, "I will not retreat a single inch, and I *will be heard.*"

A man becomes actually invincible whom God re-enforces. He may be imprisoned, tortured, slain; but he cannot be conquered. Prison, rack, stake, become his fulcrum, his coigne of vantage. "If I be lifted up" (that is, crucified), said Jesus, with proud confidence in his future, "if I *be* lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." And the words came true.

In our private lives we need strength to bear rather than to do. Our active tasks are mostly easy. But heavy burdens descend, sooner or later, on us all. I am perfectly sure we could bear them all, and be glad, if we could range ourselves with God. To do so is to enter into his idea of our lives and of the world. It is to share in his designs, and the sense of so doing will make our contributions to them tolerable, though they be heavy. Our desire that his thought should develop itself will help us. Our confidence in the ultimate beneficence of his plan will help us. It is not necessary — abundant instances prove—that we should *understand* our experiences or sift their purpose and meaning, but that we should confide that God is in them; that in our trials, as in our active duties, the Lord "looks upon" us, "*sends*" us. It is this confidence of faith that adds his might to ours. Then he bears the burthen: we only travel at his side.

I think a great number have this confidence, as it were, unwittingly. What phenomenon of human life is more remarkable than the fortitude and calmness with which humanity bears its afflictions? The face that smiles above while the heart aches below is *characteristic* of the race that is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. It is the token of a generic, inborn, constitutional confidence in the goodness of the scheme of things into which we are born. It is the sign of a substantial, if not conscious and not developed, sympathy with God. Take away that trust, and we should not see the patience and cheer in which there is, often, so much of the sublime.

And, indeed, may it not be that more than this is true? Hearts wonder at themselves that, when profound exigencies come, they have force to meet them that they knew not of. It was in part a reserve, no doubt, on which before they had no occasion to draw. But is it *only* this? Is it not, besides, that the soul, aroused and energized within itself, is fitted to receive and does take into itself positive accessions of spiritual force from Him in whom it has its being, but with whom it had before established only an imperfect and languid connection?

WHY IS GAMBLING A SIN?

The recent scandalous revelation that the soon-to-be King of Great Britain and head of the English Church is one of the leading gamblers of Europe has called public attention anew, not only in England, but in this country, to the vice and sin of gambling.

But why is gambling a sin?

There are no Scriptural injunctions against it. In broad, general terms, the Bible may be said not to touch the subject at all. Indirectly, it does give its sanction to the principle upon which gambling is erected. It does appeal to what we should call the law of chance in some of the most solemn and sacred interests of human life. After the defection of Judas, his place in the apostolate was filled by the casting of lots.

But we must remember that the Bible was created at a time when men knew nothing of the scientifically ascertained doctrine of chances. To them the casting of lots seemed so utterly outside any law of cause and effect that they very naturally came to regard it as a medium for communicating the Divine Will. To the modern scientific man the words "luck" and "fortune" have become obsolete. There is a natural law in the fall of a die as well as in the movement of a planet. But this was a problem the ancient world had never solved. Therefore, the Bible can render little textual help in determining the question.

So, too, if we come to the question from the side of what we call natural and rational morality,—what has been called "the law of right reason,"—we shall find it extremely difficult to obtain a satisfactory answer.

What is the essence of gambling apart from its necessary or accidental adjuncts? Simply what we call in common speech an appeal to the law of chance. And what is there in this repugnant to the law of natural morality? Take a concrete case. You have a hundred dollars, and I have a like amount. What moral harm is there in the bare fact of our staking the ownership of the combined sums upon the turn of the dice or the color of a card? Supposing we have come by the money honestly, and nobody has a just claim upon it, what harm has been done or will be done by this method of disposing of it? Granting the premises of absolute ownership, who can logically escape the obvious conclusion that no harm has been done? The gambler may say, "You spend your money for what gives you the most satisfaction, and give no account to society. I get the most pleasure in risking my money in games of chance." Who shall deny his moral right to do this? Here is the whole philosophy of gambling in a nutshell. And you may put it under a microscope without discovering in it a single moral flaw.

What is the reason, then, for that deep and ineradicable moral instinct against gambling which grows with the growth of civilization? Why is it that in Europe this feeling has gained such strength that it has destroyed all but one of the licensed gambling-houses, and will, in the near future, abolish that? Why is it that the Prince of Wales is so severely condemned for his gambling practices? Why is it that the people of Louisiana, in spite of the enormous bribes that have been offered, determine to extirpate the only licensed lottery in the United States?

Some people assert this feeling of moral reprobation to be due to the sin of getting something for nothing. But where is the sin of getting something for nothing, if I stand ready to give something for nothing? Under this theory the gambler who never wins and always loses is the only one who doesn't sin. This objection cuts a wider swath than people generally imagine. Every man who lives without labor in the world is getting something for nothing.

Again, it is urged that gambling is morally wrong because it so fatally leads to habits of wastefulness and extravagance; that it shows the truth of the saying, "Soon got, soon gone." The obvious reply to this would be that these results are only concomitants of gambling, not essential to its spirit; and they are not invariable accompaniments. There are thrifty and economical gamblers who have amassed fortunes and kept them. But they did not thereby escape moral reprobation.

And it is equally true, as well as equally irrelevant, that gambling seems to have a powerful attractiveness for all the manifestations of sensual life. The gambler is usually hand and glove with every form of sensual vice. But this objection, like the preceding one, does not lie against the essential nature of gambling. The gambler might be a saint in the social virtues, but his gambling does not thereby become either reputable or moral. In the moral judgment of mankind, the gambler may never cheat and never get drunk and never waste his substance and never make himself the centre of base and dissolute companions; but he does not thereby redeem his occupation from disreputability.

Then why this moral reprobation? The explanations for it are generally shallow, and have to do only with the accessories, and not the essence of the thing itself. I think we must go deeper than society usually cares to go to find the root of this moral condemnation. The moral instinct has outrun the moral judgment. Just so long as we hold the current philosophy respecting the *use of money*, it will be impossible to find a stable foundation for the social reprobation of gambling. So long as men and women say, "My money's my own, and I have an absolute right to do just what I please with it," just so long will it be impossible for them to find just grounds for the condemnation of the gambling spirit. Having earned or inherited property, have I an unquestioned right to throw it in a well or pitch it into the sea or waste it at the gaming-table, if I choose to do these things? We do not hold this philosophy in relation to any other gift of God except money? You never say, if you are sane, "My life is my own, and I have a right to wreck it with debauchery or burn it up with rum or waste it in suicide." You never say of your personal liberty, "My right of freedom is absolute: nobody has any right

to restrain it or restrict it or limit its exercise. It is my undoubted privilege to be a nuisance or a danger to the community." And yet, in respect to money, that does seem to be the current philosophy of society. Men seem willing to claim for wealth what they are not willing to claim for the dearer possessions of life and liberty.

One strange and anomalous phase of this philosophy would fill us with wonder if it were not so familiar. It is that, while we are struggling for money, and some of us sacrificing almost everything for money, we seem to think of money in itself as an object of contempt, as something to be despised, as a kind of unworthy slave to luxuries and necessities. Popular phrases show the popular philosophy. The reference to wealth as "filthy lucre" and "boodle," and the like, unconsciously shows this state of feeling. If a minister brings the subject of money into his pulpit, many good people feel that he has jarred upon the religious sensibilities.

Now, I say that this state of mind is unwholesome and productive of many evils. We need a new and higher philosophy of wealth. Society organized in the form of law can do nothing here. The rights of individual property make the granite foundation of our civilization. But the individual conscience, awakened to its higher duty, can do everything. It must begin with the very essence of this sense of ownership. You say, and say justly, "I have a right to do what I like with my own." But the exercise of that right is morally and spiritually limited, just as in the case of your life and liberty. You have no moral right to wreck your life. You have no moral right to turn your liberty into unholy license. In these gifts you are joint owner with God and society. As one has truly said, "You have the right to be a man, not the right to be a wolf." And so, in this matter of wealth, you are the administrator of what belongs to you, to God, and to society. No man lives to himself alone. And he can no more detach his money from the great web of social interests than he can his life and his liberty. There is no danger of society losing the sense of the sacredness of private ownership. That belongs to our primeval instincts. There is danger of not adjusting this right to the whole network of our complex social rights and obligations.

I think that, if we fully realized the true function of wealth in social life, we should approach the subject in a vastly different spirit from what is common. Here we stand upon a pinnacle of accumulated wealth which the struggling and agonizing ages have piled for us. We do not know what tears and sorrow and self-sacrifice have passed into our common heritage. There passes before me a shadowy line of the forgotten dead. In this vision I see some with shoulders bent under the heavy burdens of faithful toil. Some have faces corrugated with the lines of midnight thought. They delved in mines and quarries. They levelled the forests, and fell in their battle with untutored nature. They dreamed into living fact the glory of great inventions. They labored, and we have entered into their labors. Most of the splendid instruments of wealth we have are the legacy of unremembered ancestry. When these great and solemn facts arise before my imagination, I think of wealth as something consecrated. It seems like flouting the precious gifts of God to speak of "filthy lucre" and contemptuously of the "almighty dollar." If we could see with clearer eyes, that dollar would be to us the sacred representative of the unsparing labor and the splendid self-sacrifice of that great past of which we are the heirs.

I am sure that it is only in this new sense of the consecration of wealth, only in a better realization of the true relationship we bear to wealth, that we can find the moral condemnation of gambling. If I waste my money in senseless and meaningless extravagance, I cannot consistently say to my son, "It is wrong for you to waste yours at games of chance." If I say to him, "My money is so absolutely mine that I have a moral right to use it as the utmost selfishness dictates," I have no reply if his selfishness finds the gambling habit its natural expression. But, if I have a serious sense of a man's true relationship to the sacred property of the world; if I am bound by a solemn obligation to enjoy my money with due regard to the social bond; if I say that wealth, like life and liberty, is to be used in holiness, that I have no more right, when judged by the higher ethics, to waste

that wealth than I have to waste the forces of my own life; if I can enter into this higher spirit and say with Christ, "We are members one of another,"—then, measured by this measure, gambling must stand absolutely condemned by the spirit of the New Testament. And out of its hideous selfishness we can see the natural growth of all the wastefulness and sensuality and social vulgarity that seem to follow so closely in its train. There is one phrase in the New Testament which, as Matthew Arnold says, is habitually misinterpreted. Christ does not say, "Ye must be born again," but "Ye must be born from above." And what is true of the individual is true of society. Its conceptions and judgments must be reborn in the spirit of God.

JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis, Mo.

A UNITARIAN SAINT:

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.*

Because the theme is every way grandly worthy, because for many reasons you ought to know the story, because she was a Unitarian, because her work was so unique, I wish to tell you the story of a life that I trust will soon be more familiar to many people, but which is little known by the great mass of the nineteenth century,—a life so distinguished that I think you will agree with me, when I am through, that nowhere, in all the roll of names that the world has agreed to celebrate and admire, can there be found one that burns with a finer, truer, clearer lustre than her name. My friend, Rev. Francis Tiffany, after having been engaged on it for three or four years, has recently completed "The Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix." *She* is our Unitarian saint.

She was born on the 4th of April, 1802, in the little town of Hampden, Me., a few miles down the Penobscot River from the city of Bangor. The childhood of the little girl was somewhat neglected, comparatively poor, and had very little in it of sunshine. Indeed, she used to say in after years that she had no childhood. By the time she is fourteen she is teaching school, making her dresses longer than would be worn by a child of that age, so that she may appear older and command the respect and obedience of her pupils. But her health is poor; and, as time goes by, she breaks down, and begins to wonder whether she will be able ever to render any service to herself or to others. Frail, weak, liable to frequent hemorrhages, she hardly knows what her future destiny is to be; but at last she enters the home of Dr. Channing, becomes the teacher of his children, and with his family escapes the severe climate of Boston, spending one winter in the country in Rhode Island, at the doctor's country home, and another in the tropical island of St. Croix. She recovers her strength and renews her health under these favoring influences; and at last we find her again in Boston at about the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, founding a school in earnest in the old Dix mansion house of her grandmother, with the distinct and definite purpose of winning for herself a competence, so that she need not be obliged to look to any other for help and independence for herself or for her brother. She organizes a day and boarding school, then, and for several years devotes herself to it with assiduity, and is successful both as a teacher and financially. But this is not enough for the weak, comparatively frail woman; and, while she is carrying on this school, she organizes another, free for the poor and neglected children of the street,—a school held in a room over the stable connected with the mansion house. And these two schools she carries on together for some time. But at last the burden is too heavy. She breaks down completely under the strain, and is obliged to go abroad.

By this time, with some savings, the reward of her own efforts, and a little money left her by her grandmother, she finds herself in a position of personal independence. She is not rich; but she is able hereafter to live her own life and follow her own impulses. She goes abroad, then, to find herself, when she lands in Liverpool, so completely broken down that she is not able to reach London. So, delivering a letter which Dr. Channing had given her to a prominent gentleman in Liverpool, she enters his home, and is there a long time, a helpless, hopeless invalid. But she recovers. Her strong will power dominated the flesh then, as it did through the long years that followed, when it compelled her

*From a sermon preached in Unity Church, Boston.

to do things which another would not have undertaken even in health, perhaps; for all her life she was as much an invalid as are many of those who spend their time wandering over the world merely in search of health and recuperation.

On her return to this country,—and it is now about the year 1841,—what seemed like an accident reveals to her her life-work. Some of the students at the Divinity School in Cambridge have undertaken the work of giving Sunday-school instruction in the House of Correction at East Cambridge; and one of those students, feeling that some other hand than his ought to deal with the problems that he finds there, and that a woman's heart and consecrated purpose ought to be enlisted, at last goes to Miss Dix for advice and counsel, and her answer is, "I will be there next Sunday." She finds the condition of things in this asylum such that her heart is touched and stirred, and she feels that now at last the call has come from on high for her to accomplish a task which none other seems ready to undertake.

Right here I must pause to hint at,—I should not dare picture it, had I the power to paint it; I should not dare to tell you all the truth,—to hint at, I say, the condition of things here in New England and throughout the United States and the civilized world in the care,—shall I say *care?*—in the treatment of the insane,—a condition such as it is almost impossible for us to-day to comprehend. Insanity, on the part of the lower barbarous races of the world, has, curiously enough, generally been treated with extraordinary tenderness and reverence. Almost always in the Old World and under the old religions insanity was supposed to be possession,—spirit possession, not necessarily possession by evil spirits, either; and sometimes among the barbarous races even to-day you will find an insane person tenderly treated and cared for, his words watched and taken down, with the possibility that they may prove a divine oracle. But, under the teachings of Christianity, which taught not only the goodness of God and heaven, but the horrors of hell and the malignity of Satan, it came to be generally believed that insanity was demoniacal possession. You find that believed and taught almost all through the New Testament. This belief came down through the ages, and was a common one throughout New England a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. And, when that had partially died out, it was not thought that insanity was a physical disease, but that it was mental perversion, mental corruption; that it meant malignity, deviltry; and that the person, if not consciously in league with evil spirits, had brought himself into such a moral condition that he was under their influence and guidance. And so an insane person was not looked upon as merely ill and one to be gently treated and cared for, but was regarded as an outcast and as one that it was hopeless to attempt to cure, and so must be beaten down, subdued, controlled, at all hazards.

As Miss Dix went on her way, studying the condition of affairs in regard to the treatment of the insane in Massachusetts, she found cases like this: One man in a cage,—a stone cage, to be sure,—only a few feet square, with no light, no ventilation, with no fire, even in our New England winters, with an iron collar around his neck, and an iron chain attached to it and fastened to the solid stone floor. And here he was week after week, month after month, year after year, sometimes a part of the toes, the feet, or the hands frozen away, his food pushed in to him, as it would be pushed to a mad dog that for some unaccountable reason was permitted to live. This is one instance out of thousands. It was generally true that the insane throughout Massachusetts, as indeed throughout the country, were sold, bid off, not to the highest bidder, but to the lowest,—bid off to the care of a man who would keep them for the least money for the following year; and they were left, with no supervision, no care, to the person who had thus taken the contract to keep them for the year, and who was allowed to treat them very much as he pleased. A picture is drawn of "Old Bedlam," as the Bethlehem Hospital in London was called, in about the year 1770; and this shows us the place turned into a public show. An income was received of several hundred pounds per year from the curiosity-mongers, those who were permitted to go there as they would visit a menagerie, and see these men cursing, fighting, and raving, treating it as an entertainment. Not uncommonly, when the men were particularly severe in their

outbreaks, they were beaten with clubs, subdued like wild beasts,—anything to control them.

This is a hint of what was universal here in our New England, all through this country, in England, on the continent,—all over the civilized world, in fact. Here, then, was the task which Miss Dix undertook. She wrote no articles, and she called no public meetings. She asked no one to help her, but she started on a tour of investigation. She visited every almshouse, every jail, every place where the poor and the insane were taken care of, throughout the entire Commonwealth of Massachusetts. She visited them alone and on her own responsibility; and then she drew up her memorial, stating the facts of her own personal observation, and appealed to the legislature for help. She was attacked. The things that she said were true were called a pack of lies. There was conservatism to be met. Doctors who had never found any other way of treating the insane than this naturally thought it was an impeachment of their wisdom, and they fought against it. Legislators, willing enough to use money for their own personal ends or to carry out any scheme that a friend was interested in, were very jealous of the use of public money for the advancement of any such cause as this. But she called around her strong, noble, faithful, earnest men,—men like Horace Mann, like Dr. Howe, like Charles Sumner,—men who knew that what she said was true; and she swept the State, and carried her reform. Was she contented then? This was simply the first step.

She visited another State, and then another, and then another, on a campaign that was to last until her life ceased or the work was done all over the land. With her own means, with one dress and a light hand-bag, sending her trunk on ahead, she travelled. And, in those days, what did it mean to travel? Not steamboats, not luxurious Pullman coaches, but stage-coaches, private conveyances,—any and every means by which a person who was bound on a mission of mercy like this could get from one place to another. She travelled by night and travelled by day, and always alone. As she went through the South, finding at last that the drivers there were very careless in regard to providing means for getting out of any difficulty, she took along with her, as part of her regular baggage, tools with which to mend a broken wagon or to put in order a conveyance that had fallen to pieces, so that she might continue on her work of mercy. Sometimes aground on a sand-bar in the Mississippi or the Ohio, night and day, summer and winter, she travelled. Her method was, as in the first place, simply to travel quietly all over the State, and investigate the condition of things for herself; and then to go to the capital, rally around her some strong, noble men, such as she knew she could trust in, and stay there and work until she carried the legislature and established a new condition of things.

One or two illustrations of her persuasive power may be given. In one of our cities she was in great need of money to help carry on this public work; and she went to the very man who, though worth several millions, was the least likely to help her. He knew what she came for, and tried to put her off, and talked about everything else; but at last she quietly gained his attention, and talked for an hour on the subject nearest her heart. At the end of that time, he said, "What do you want me to do?" "I want twenty-five thousand dollars this moment for this object." "You shall have it," was the answer. In Washington, after she had carried the bill for its establishment through Congress, she decided that the very place for the asylum was the private residence of a man of wealth,—a place to which he was much attached on account of old family associations, and which he did not wish to give up. She said, "This is the place." The man said: "I will not sell it. No money can buy it. I do not wish to sell it." But she went to him, and talked with him and pleaded with him until she had touched his heart in regard to the grand cause in which she was engaged, and finally he consented to sell the estate for less than the real market price, though he signed the deed with tears on his face at parting with it; but she had touched him so that he held her in the highest love, reverence, and esteem from that time until the day of his death. These are illustrations simply of the patience, the persistence, the winning power of one consecrated to a high and noble cause, and with whom there was not the slightest personal or private end to gain.

So she travelled in those old days, when travelling meant weariness and suffering, all over this land, from Maine to Texas, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, until she had revolutionized the treatment of the poor and the insane throughout the whole land. By this time she is worn and broken and old. She is obliged to go abroad again for rest. How does she rest? She reaches England; and, finding that the condition of things there is no better than here, she cannot rest. She goes to London, gets the ear of the Prime Minister, of those most interested, carries the appointment of a royal commission, and works a revolution throughout the British Islands before she is done. Is she contented then? She goes on the continent, to France. She visits Italy. Here she has a personal interview with Pius IX., wins the influence of Cardinal Antonelli, and revolutionizes the treatment of the insane in the city of Rome. Then she goes on to Greece, to Austria, to Russia, not knowing any of the languages, travelling always alone, winning her way everywhere, and carrying similar reforms.

She goes to Constantinople; and, strangely enough, this woman, Puritan in every fibre, Christian in every thought and aspiration, is compelled to admit that here in this city, which is supposed to be the sink of all iniquities, the worst place in all the world, she finds an intelligent, loving, human treatment of the insane, such as she has never found anywhere else in the world. So well is the work done that she says, "There is nothing here for me to do," and simply leaves the place as she finds it, and turns elsewhere for her work.

She comes back to America, now sixty years of age. It is near 1861, the outbreak of the war. She has already rendered a service and accomplished a work the like of which, so far as I know, was never achieved by any private woman since the world began. Is she contented? She is in Trenton, N.J., visiting the asylum which she has founded there, when the United States troops are fired upon by the mob in Baltimore. Three hours after the old Massachusetts Sixth passed through the city, she passes through, boards the last train leaving Baltimore for Washington, and reports to the Secretary of War for service so long as the war shall last.

Right here I must stop to tell you one thing that I think probably very few people in America know. You are aware of the fact that there was supposed to have been a conspiracy against the life of Lincoln at about the time of the outbreak of the war. It was intended that he should never reach Washington alive, that Washington should be captured, that the national archives should be taken possession of on the part of the South, and that the South should be declared the United States. This was the plot. Who discovered it? Miss Dix. Her knowledge of the South, her intimate acquaintance with the condition of affairs there, made her fully aware of what was going on; and she went to the president of the Philadelphia & Baltimore Railroad, and told him all about it. This led to his sending out spies in every direction to ascertain the truth of what she had said; and he and those acquainted with the secret history of the Rebellion from that day to this know that probably the saving of Washington was due to Miss Dix, and that the fact that Lincoln lived, and that we have the grand inheritance of his service and his name, was due to our Unitarian saint.

But, to return to Miss Dix's services at the beginning of the war. She is placed by the War Department in charge of all the women nurses in the national hospitals in and around the capital; and here throughout the war she stays, untiring, devoting day and night to her work. She makes a great many enemies, but is ever supported by the War Department, who know the efficient work she is doing. At the end, what is her reward? Secretary Stanton appealed to her, and said, "What shall the nation do for you now in recognition of your services in its time of need?" He proposed calling a great public meeting, which should be presided over by the highest officials of the land. This she refused. He proposed that Congress should pass a bill, making her an appropriation of money. She refused. "What, then, shall we do for you?" She answered, half-banteringly, not expecting him to accept the suggestion, "Give me the flags of my country." Whereupon the Secretary of War immediately ordered a beautiful pair of United States flags to be made for and presented to her. At her death she bequeathed these flags to Harvard College;

and to-day they hang suspended over the main portal of Memorial Hall. This was the only reward she asked or would receive for her services to the nation.

For a year and a half after the war she devoted herself to carrying out the commissions that had been left in her hands by the sick and dying, and in helping to provide government support for the more pressing cases of need. She also devoted herself to the task of inducing Congress to erect a monument to the dead heroes in the cemetery at Hampton, Va. This she accomplished; and the monument now stands there, with orderly rows of arms and cannon about it, as a memorial to those thousands and thousands who are sleeping there. Was this, then, enough?

For the next fifteen years she devoted herself, still untiringly, to the same great cause to which she had given herself early in life. The South was utterly disorganized, and many of the asylums were left so impoverished that they were practically falling into decay. Curiously enough, though she had rendered such service to the North during the war, and had never concealed her loyalty, she had so won the love of the South by what she had done for them in years past that she was welcomed back with enthusiasm to take up her old work once more.

I have omitted many features of her life. She was one of the first to be interested in the life-saving service for sailors and those suffering from wreck on our coast, and also in such things as the establishment of drinking-fountains for poor and tired horses, and other beasts of burden. Indeed, whatever could possibly enter the heart and the brain of a noble, consecrated woman in behalf of any creature that could feel and was suffering became her care. She labored on in this way, reorganizing, continuing, and completing her work until she was eighty years old. A characteristic picture of her at this time—the last time she was in New England—is drawn by an old friend of hers. He tells how she appeared at his house late one stormy winter night here in Massachusetts, old and chilled to the very marrow. He built his fires as hot as he could: his wife got her to bed as speedily as possible, and piled on blankets to get her warm. He thoroughly believed that she was in for a long sickness, feared pneumonia, and thought that the end had surely come. When she started to go upstairs to bed, he offered to assist her; but she declined. Even then, she must walk her way alone. The next morning, instead of finding her ill, she was up early, and off; for she was on one of her tours of inspection to see how the great work of her life was being carried on.

But the end was now near at hand. Eighty years of age, with a life-work like this behind her, she went at last to the asylum at Trenton, which she called her first-born child; for it was the first one she had thoroughly established and endowed by State aid. There she was taken too ill to pursue her work any farther; and for five years she lingered, the guest of this "first-born child," until at last, at the age of eighty-five, the end came, and she fell quietly asleep. She had asked the physician in charge not to give her anything to cloud her mind, even to ease the pain, and to be sure and let her know when the end was coming; for she wished to go through this last phase of her experience on earth clear-headed and open-eyed.

Such is just a brief outline, a little hint, of a work of this nineteenth century. Does it seems to you that the age of heroism has gone by, that the time for saints is in the days of old? Friends, let me repeat: in all the calendar of the saints, among all the revered women of all the world, so far as my knowledge extends, I do not know of one who, in a private station, and as the result of her own initiative, the result of her own tireless devotion, accomplished anything like such a work in the alleviation of human suffering, the delivering of the world from wrong. I am proud of her as the product of humanity. They abuse this poor old humanity of ours. They tell us it is all and utterly evil, totally corrupt; but here was one inspired with a grand belief in humanity, which was one of the cardinal doctrines of early Unitarianism as taught by Dr. Channing. Here was one who believed in humanity, and who has taught us in her own life what sort of beautiful, fragrant flower, and what sort of luscious fruit this old stock of humanity is capable of producing. Point me out, if you will, all the mean, contemptible characters that ever

lived, and say, "These are characteristic of man." I will turn, then, and say: "Before you have exhausted the characteristics of this human race of ours, you must include in it characters like hers. These are what humanity is capable of on its upward side." She believed, as do I, that there is the germ, in the lowest, meanest, poorest creature that wears the human form, of all that she illustrated, of all that she became. Let us, then, instead of thinking that our life is commonplace and bare, and that humanity is contemptible,—let us learn that humanity is capable of this, and have an increase of faith in our race.

Shall we, as Unitarians, be proud of her? Yes, if by the word "proud" we mean that grand rejoicing in the possibility of our faith to produce the noblest results of character and life,—not that petty pride which is content with what is already achieved, but that grand pride which gathers from past achievements impulse for conquests in the years to come.

Let us learn one more lesson, and that as cheer and comfort and assurance for ourselves. What did she do that any woman, any man, set free from other tasks, might not have accomplished in her or his time? There must have been some marvellous personal power about her, of course; but there was no distinguishing intellectual ability. There was only this faithfulness, this tirelessness, this persistency, this determination that what ought to be done should be done. That is the dominant characteristic. You and I, friends, may not be able to achieve as much. There may not be the opportunity. The task clearly outlined may not be set before us. Our time may be frittered away by a thousand cares, by a thousand demands upon us; but the one thing that never ought to be forgotten, and which we can each one of us cultivate, is the same spirit, the same temper, the same character, the same devotion, and be as much as in us lies, and as far as our opportunity goes, sainted like her. That is possible. And, though we seem chained, hindered on every hand, let us remember that word of Browning,—

> "What I would be,
> And was not, comforts me."

It is what we would be, what we try to be, what we seek to accomplish, the aspiration, the purpose, the way we are facing, that classifies us, and tells what we are. Well, then, we *are* proud of our Unitarian saint, and rejoice in the work that she accomplished. Let it be impulse and motive in our lives to do what we can to help on the cause of the same humanity that inspired her.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Boston.

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*JEWS AND CHRISTIANS.**

LET US TUNNEL THE ALPS OF PREJUDICE THAT SEPARATE US.

Fortune is as partial in her dealing with nature as she is with man. For some localities she has not a smile, for others not even a look: she passes them by without a care or pity for their mean and beggarly appearance. Upon others, again, she heaps her favors with prodigal lavishness. Of this latter mode of Fortune's dealing, a striking illustration fell under my observation two summers ago in Switzerland, along the road that stretches between Lucerne and the entrance of St. Gothard tunnel. All along this mountain stretch, scenery, poetry, and science vie with each other for supremacy.

We have travelled on foot and by boat. We now proceed by rail, and discover at once that, as scenery and poetry are here represented by their fairest specimens, so is engineering skill. Higher and higher, along its spiral ascent, puffs the almost breathless locomotive, across yawning chasms, along the edges of horrible precipices, over dizzying bridges, under which thunder mighty cataracts, into the mountain, and, curving within the tunnel, out of the same mountain side again, higher up, to repeat the same wondrous loop-tunnel feat on the other side, and again on this side, and thus, again and again, through miles of tunnels, until the entrance of the greatest of them all, the St. Gothard tunnel, is reached.

Here, at Göschenen, we alight, to do reverence to one of the most colossal engineering feats of the nineteenth century, to fully grasp that enormous undertaking that consumed ten years of time (1872–1882), the labor of over three thousand men daily, and over eleven millions of dollars. Before us is the vast St. Gothard mountain

*A part of a lecture delivered before the Reform Congregation, Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia, Pa.

range, towering six thousand feet high, at its foot a black hole, which stretches through the entire range, and ends, nine and one-fourth miles to the south of its beginning, on the Italian side of the Alps, in the little town Airolo.

The most wonderful feature of all remains yet to be told. The boring of this tunnel was carried on simultaneously on both sides of the St. Gothard. Both Italy and Switzerland toiled, each from her own side, ten years long, to overcome that mighty barrier, which the earth, in one of her convulsions, had cast up between them, and which had presented almost unsurmountable difficulties to their union. It was a work of love. Each was eager to reach the other, and the work proceeded fast; and yet there were days of doubt and despair. Both labored in the dark, six thousand feet beneath the Gothard top. The enormous heights, the dangerous glaciers and avalanches, the gaping gorges and deep ravines, made measurements unreliable. May not much of their labor be for naught? Instead of working toward a common meeting-point, may they not be widely off their mark? But their wills to meet seemed to act as righting magnets. The welcome sound of busy tools came, at last, from the opposite sides; and soon Italy and Switzerland shook hands in the heart of the St. Gothard range.

What had seemed impossible had become a fact. A journey that had formerly been connected with infinite hardships and dangers and great loss of time could now be made by rail in sixteen minutes, and with ease. Switzerland had now an easily approachable warming-place for the winter, and Italy a cooling-place for the summer. The Swiss people could now enjoy more freely the luxuries and delicacies of the southern clime, and the Italians observe and copy the industrious and frugal and virtuous life of their northern neighbor. The commercial relationship between the two greatly increased. The benefits of this magnificent achievement extended wider still: it brought the whole north of Europe into closer social and commercial relationship with the south, and added another link to the unification of the human family.

I remember a strange thought that flitted across my mind while gazing upon that monster barrier between the two countries, and thinking of the laughing fields and fertile valleys and balmy zephyrs and tropical fruit and luxuriant ease, on the other side, and the barren, ice-bound mountain ranges, the scanty food, the hard-toiling yet impoverished populace on this side. How much, thought I, this scene resembles the Christian and the Jew, with the towering, Alp-like, monster barrier of prejudice and hatred, of myth and misunderstanding, between the two! What powerful lesson this once regarded unsurmountable barrier might teach the parted Christian and Jew! This barrier, too, might be conquered, and Christian and Jew clasp hands in brotherly love and peace and good will, would they but do what Switzerland and Italy did so well,—would they, with reason and love and concession for tools and with heart in the cause, simultaneously, each from his own side, hew a pathway toward each other through the heart of the monster barrier between them.

The Italian side well typifies, in point of prosperity, the Christian side, and the Swiss side that of the Jew. During the past fifteen hundred years Christianity had on its side every requisite for building up a powerful Church, and for making its followers prosperous and happy. It had supreme power, absolute authority, enormous wealth; the mightiest temporal rulers, and the most powerful countries of the world were her vassals and tributaries.

On the other side lived the Jews, few in number, isolated from the rest of human kind, helpless and defenceless, eking out a pitiable existence, toiling hard and suffering much, their whole existence being one continuous struggle with the hostile elements.

That the Italian should have felt little temptation to pass over and share the hard lot of the Swiss on the other side seems natural enough. The luxuriant Italian mind found little to covet in frugal and inclement Switzerland. That the Swiss, however, had not been mightily tempted already centuries ago to seek the balmier clime and the luxurious life on the other side seems strange to us; but strange to the Swiss it never appeared. The Swiss has ever been a patriot and a lover of freedom.

He is happiest there, where his cradle stood, where his brave ancestors performed their mighty deeds of valor, where freedom

lives, where he can breathe his free and unpolluted mountain air. Worse than hard toil, than unceasing wrestling with the elements for the morsel of food, are to him luxuries and ease that are purchased at the cost of independence. He mistakes not the semblance of happiness for happiness itself. Instinctively he feels that, unless man is politically free, he cannot be truly happy.

This thought has already been emphasized by Schiller in the play which has made these Swiss scenes and people so deservedly famous. In the dialogue between Tell and his little boy Walter, he makes the boy ask:

Walt. And are there countries with no mountains?
Tell. Yes: if we travel downwards from our heights,
And keep descending in the rivers' courses,
We reach a wide and level country, where
Our mountain torrents brawl and foam no more,
And fair, large rivers glide serenely on.
All quarters of the heaven may there be scanned
Without impediment. The corn grows there
In broad and lovely fields, and all the land
Is fair as any garden to the view.
Walt. But, father, tell me, wherefore haste we not
Away to this delightful land, instead
Of toiling here, and struggling as we do?
Tell. The land is fair and bountiful as heaven;
But they who till it never may enjoy
The fruits of what they sow.
Walt. Live they not free,
As you do, on the land their fathers left them?
Tell. The fields are all the bishop's or the king's.
Walt. But they may freely hunt among the woods?
Tell. The game is all the monarch's,—bird and beast.
Walt. But they, at least, may surely fish the streams?
Tell. Stream, lake, and sea, all to the king belong.
Walt. Who is this king, of whom they're so afraid?
Tell. He is the man who fosters and protects them.
Walt. Have they not courage to protect themselves?
Tell. The neighbor there dare not his neighbor trust.
Walt. I should want breathing-room in such a land:
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanches.
Tell. 'Tis better, child, to have these glacier peaks
Behind one's back than evil-minded men!

The Jew in history suggests the same question. That Christians should have felt little inclination to exchange their faith for that of the Jews, and the respect and considerate treatment, which were accorded to them by reason of their Christian belief, for the disgrace and contempt and persecutions which fell to the lot of the Jews on the other side, is not surprising. Disgrace and contempt have never yet been coveted by rational men. But that the Jews should have patiently endured such indignities and sufferings fifteen hundred years long, should not have sought to better their condition, to escape their sufferings, by going over to the other side, may seem wonderful to others, though to us it seems natural enough.

The Jew is above all things patriotic and independent. He is proud of his glorious past, proud of his illustrious ancestry, of his prophets and lawgivers and bards and inspired writers, to whom a whole civilized world does homage, proud of the mighty stream of civilization which has issued from his people, and now waters almost half the globe, and proud he is to link the present with such a past, and to acknowledge himself a scion of such a race. Not all the sufferings of the world, not all the degradations and miseries and privations that were heaped upon him mountain high, until they made him a dread and a horror, isolated him from the rest of the world, made access to him almost impossible, connected his existence with infinite hardships and dangers,—not all this could crush out of his heart the consciousness that his ancestors once were termed the chosen people; that they had to endure hardships and trials ere that proud title was conferred upon them; that their descendants have all along enjoyed—despite sufferings and sorrows—the special protection of God; that, when the days of preparation and probation shall be over, the Jew will again emerge from the darkness into the full light, and complete his divinely written drama, the first act of which he played in Palestine, the second in hostile Europe, the third and final and most

glorious of all to have the whole world for its scene of action, and every church and school, every farm and workshop, every office and every home, for its stage.

In recent times remorse over past cruelties and present wrongs has begun to fill the hearts of noble and rational and progressive men and women, both among Christians and Jews; and such have undertaken the work from both sides of smoothing the pass across the Alpine barrier of prejudice and hatred between the two peoples. The need of a closer union between Jew and Christian is too great to be deferred for centuries. Mankind has suffered long enough through their separation. The interests of the highest civilization require the closest proximity between the two. The Jew has need of Christian co-operation. The Christian has need of the Jewish mind. For the good of all, each has immediate need of all that is good in the other.

What can be done, and how it can be done, Italy and Switzerland illustrate in their St. Gothard tunnel. That black hole, that stretches nine and one-quarter miles through a solid mountain range, that unites the sun-bathed and luxuriant Italian lands with the ice-bound regions on the other side in sixteen minutes, where formerly days of difficult and dangerous climbing were required, that exercises a beneficial influence on the commercial and social relation, not only of the two countries whom it directly affects, but also of a large portion of Northern and Southern Europe, tells more eloquently than tongue can speak or pen can write what can be done with heart and will in the cause.

Let Jew and Christian have but the will to approach each other along a short and easy pathway, and let each put his heart into his will. Let each from his own side, with reason and love and tolerance and concession for tools, hew a tunnel pathway into the heaven-towering Alpine barrier of prejudice and hatred that to this day has stood as a threatening and forbidding foe between the two. Let both pursue this gigantic work, unweariedly, undismayed by failure, not disheartened by ever newer and ever greater obstacle, and the day will come when sounds of ringing tools will break on each other's ears. A few more strokes, and Jew and Christian will stand in the breach, and hand will clasp brother's hand, and Judaism and Christianity, the long and painfully parted mother and daughter, in affectionate embrace, will weep on each other's bosom tears of joy and reconciliation.

Where such blessings are to be the results, no sacrifice must be too great, and no reasonable concessions must be refused. The Jew must be prepared to think with greater modesty of himself, and with greater appreciation of the Christian. In this present age the Jew cannot, must not, fail to recognize the great debt of gratitude which modern civilization owes to the Christian, must not, cannot, be blind to the fact that our greatest philosophers and scientists and inventors, our greatest artists and writers and philanthropists, our noblest rulers and statesmen, the pioneers and deliverers of our country, the builders of our homes, the tillers of our soil, the toilers in our mines and workshops and offices, the healers of our sick, the protectors of our rights, the teachers of our children,—these, and yet other benefactors, were and are Christians.

The Christian, also, must think with less arrogance of himself, and with less contempt and hatred of the Jew. He must not forget the debt of gratitude he owes the Jew. Whatever great and noble he has accomplished he has achieved with the aid of the tools which the Jew placed into his hand. The Jew has given him his God, his Bible, his law, his morality, whence he drew his lofty aspirations and his consciousness of virtue and of duty. The Jew has given him his Sabbath, has founded for him the first representative government, has built his first place of worship, has preached his first sermon, has opened his first school, has started him on the highway of commerce, and has brought and taught him yet many other things that comfort and solace and benefit existence.

And, if to each other, Jew and Christian really mean to tunnel their way through the Alpine heights of prejudice and hatred, both must enter upon that gigantic task unburdened with creeds and forms which are not needed for their task, which would but greatly impede their progress.

The Jew, if really sincere in his wish to clasp his Christian brother's hand, if true

to his oft-vaunted profession that the uniting of all mankind into a common brotherhood, under the common Fatherhood of God, is his mission on earth, must throw aside whatever may thwart that purpose, must discard beliefs and forms that belong to different times and climes, that—useful and comforting and elevating as they may have been in the hoary past—are now obsolete and untenable. He must speak the language the nineteenth century speaks, must think and act as the nineteenth century thinks and acts, must adapt himself and his creeds and forms to the needs and wants of the nineteenth century, and not attempt the vain effort of making the nineteenth century cramp itself into the coffin of a dead past or of forcing our modern, science-permeated age to walk about with a Palestinian skeleton strapped to its back. If sincere and true he would be, deep into his heart must sink the words which in yon Alpine heights the dying Attinghausen breathed to those about him,—

"The old is crumbling down, the times are changing;
And from the ruins blooms a fairer life."

And the Christian, too, if really sincere in his wish to clasp his Jewish brother's hand, must have done, and forever, with creeds and forms which the pure-minded Jesus, in whose name they are believed and practised, never knew, never taught, never practised, and which his pure, monotheistic Jewish mind would have bitterly denounced, had they in his lifetime been attached to the creed which he believed. The Christian must also cast from him, far from him, those mystic and mythical doctrines of original sin, immaculate conception, divine annunciation, angels and star and voice of God singing and wandering and speaking in the sky, aërial transportation by Satan, vicarious atonement, graves opening and the dead arising, resurrection and ascension, holy trinity, partaking of Christ's flesh and blood by means of consecrated wine and holy wafer, and yet a hundred other creeds and rites which Gnostic minds infused into the Judaism of Jesus.

That both may know what they need for their great undertaking of tunnelling toward each other, and what they might dispense with without discomfort and injury, let each take a Bible containing both Testaments. Let the Jew peruse the Old, and the Christian the New. Let both read and search with critical eye and with impartial mind, and from the great mass of myth and legend and temporal and local institutions and laws, that are piled up in both Testaments, let each select *the eternally and everywhere essential, and the eternally and everywhere true.* Upon the one side of the blank leaf between the Old and the New Testament let the Jew write the result of his critical research, and the Christian his upon the other side.

And, when the inscriptions on each side are compared, they will be found to be identical. The eternally and everywhere essential, the eternally and everywhere true, will be found to be the same in both. Both Judaism and Christianity will be found to rest on the pillars of God, humanity, law. The commandments, "Thou shalt love thy fellow-man as thyself," "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them," constitute the essence of their teachings concerning the duties of man to his fellow-man. The commandments to keep a weekly Sabbath, to honor parents, not to murder, not to commit lewdness, not to steal, not to bear false witness, not to covet, constitute the essence of their teachings concerning man's domestic and social duties. The doctrines that a Supreme Being created and governs the universe, that the life of man is the gift of God, and therefore sacred, that the soul is a part of his essence, therefore divine and immortal, that man's duty on earth is to unfold and develop the God-like within him by means of worship, education, and charity, constitute the essence of their spiritual teachings. The federation of all peoples into one brotherhood, under the Fatherhood of one God and under the sway of universal peace and good will and enlightenment, constitutes their aim and effort.

With such a noble and common creed for inspiration, and with union for goal, and with reason and love and concession for tools, let the work of tunnelling a direct and easy pathway through the Alpine barrier of prejudice and hatred and misunderstanding between Jew and Christian begin from both sides.

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF.

FAITH.

To the south, with her brood, fared a mother-bird,
Far over the wide, gray sea;
But the sky and the sea were enmeshed in storm,
And waves ran fiercely free.
Then the fledglings in fear drew together close,
With twitterings sad and plaint,—
"Never land, through the storm, will beckon to us:
Our wings are weak, and we faint."

But the mother replied with a song of faith:
"My birdies, fresh courage take!
Felt you not in yourselves a force that impelled
Where spring anew doth awake?
And in Him who hath given the impulse deep
No falsity can abide:
He must guide and sustain e'en a birdling's flight
To the new-leaved forests wide."

ALFRED FREE.

Turner's Falls, Mass.

THE SEMITIC MUSEUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

An important addition has recently been made to the collections of Harvard University by the founding of a Semitic museum, for which purchases have been made abroad during the past year by Prof. D. G. Lyon, with a fund of $10,000 donated by Mr. Jacob Schiff of New York. Although only one-half of this gift has yet been expended, already the collection comprises a large variety of valuable articles illustrating the art, history, and literature of the eight Semitic nations, whose territory extended over most of Western Asia, portions of Africa, of the Mediterranean islands and coasts.

The oldest article is a Babylonian clay tablet, recording, in cuneiform characters, the sale of land about 2200 B.C. It has an outer covering of clay, bearing a duplicate record. The museum is fortunate in having secured this and about one hundred and fifty other "contract tablets," giving the details of loans, tithes, sales, law-suits, and various business transactions of the Babylonians during the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Nebuna'id, Cyrus, and Darius. They were written on soft clay, and most of them baked to the hardness of argillaceous stone. A number of the Babylonian and Assyrian seals used for stamping such documents, and also as charms against evil spirits, accidents, and disease, are exhibited in the collection. They are engraved with emblems of gods, figures of men, birds, beasts, trees, etc. Some have the names of the owners or of their protecting deities. The most valuable was presented to the museum by Miss Alice Longfellow and other heirs of the poet. It was brought from Babylon early in this century by Mr. J. C. Rich. The carving represents a kneeling human figure supporting a winged globe, emblem of the sun-god. Around flow the waters of the heavenly ocean. Outside stands a worshipper holding a cord connected with the globe, as a symbol of the descent of the Divine Influence.

Among the manuscripts are: several Korans; the complete body of the Mohammedan Civil and Ecclesiastical Laws, in a volume taken from the library of Akbar the Great, at the storming of Delhi by the British, and apparently handed down in the royal family, from the time of Shah Jehan, whose seal occurs in the book three times; parchment rolls of the Pentateuch, of the Prophets, of Lamentations, with an Arabic translation in Hebrew letters, and of portions of Jeremiah in Hebrew, with a commentary in Arabic; the "Gezza," or lives of Syrian saints; selections from the Gospels for church use, translated into Syriac in 1207; and a number of Syrian charm-rolls to be worn in a bag on the person, to ward off evil spirits and calamities.

The plaster reproductions of the Assyrian bas-reliefs brought from the ruins of Nimrud by Sir Henry Layard are remarkably good. They represent Assurnazirpal, King of Assyria, 883–859 B.C., sacrificing to the gods, hunting wild lions and bulls, feasting, leading his armies to battle, storming cities, pursuing the enemy, crossing a river with his war retinue, and engaged in various acts which portray enough of the customs of his time and country to incite the student to a closer study of them than has yet been made. Across the centre of these bas-reliefs run bands of cuneiform inscriptions, which recite the king's genealogy, his conquests, his restoration of cities, and erection of new palaces, so often repeated that they have become known as the "standard inscription of Assurnazirpal"; but the royal triumphs excite less lively interest to-day than some of the humbler occupations of the attendants. Here may be seen the cook preparing the camp supper, the groom currying his horse, the soldiers inflat-

ing sheepskins for swimming, the oarsmen transporting war chariots and armor in row-boats, the fugitive pleading for mercy, the unhappy women and children going into captivity, the besieged throwing fire-brands from the wall and ingeniously catching the head of a battering-ram with chains, which the Assyrians below grapple with hooks.

A recognition of personal guidance from the Unseen may be found in the visible representation of a protecting spirit always attending the king and resembling him in features and dress, even to the swords in his belt and the embroideries and fringes on the hem of his garments, but distinguishable by the horns on his fez, the emblems of divinity about his neck, the sacred cone and basket in his hands. Occasionally appears above the winged globe, and sometimes within the globe, a small image of Ashur, the chief god of the Assyrians, with his bow strung when they are going to battle, and, on the return, with his arrow discharged.

The Babylonian sacred tree, the puzzle of scholars, is portrayed, with its conventional branches in threes and its leaves in sevens. The king sacrifices before it. Deities adore and protect it. Is it meant to represent the tree of life guarded by cherubim (Gen. iii. 24)? For a line in Assurnazirpal's inscriptions explaining its mystical meaning, we would willingly forego the mention of a few new palaces erected; but nothing seems more difficult for a generation than to single out from the ephemeral what will be of permanent interest to posterity.

The king is once represented bringing a kid to the sacrifice, as to-day at a temple near Calcutta the traveller may see kids brought to the altar of Kali, wife of Siva, and goddess of death and cholera.

The largest cast from Nimrud is a winged, human-headed lion with horns, which stood guardian at one of the portals of the palace, symbolizing in his composition the strength of the ox, the boldness of the lion, the swiftness of the eagle, and the intelligence of man. Other striking figures from Nimrud are an eagle-headed deity and an Assyrian goddess with four wings.

The son of Assurnazirpal, Shalmaneser, who is the first Assyrian king known to have had relations with the Hebrews, is represented in engravings on a black obelisk, in the act of receiving tribute from Jehu, King of Israel, who kneels at his feet. Three war-scenes are given from the time of Tiglathpileser (745–727 B.C.), the first Assyrian king mentioned in the Bible, where he is also called Pul (2 Kings xv. 29; xv. 19). With him began the Assyrian invasions described by the Hebrew prophets, which culminated in the fall of the kingdom of Israel, by Sargon's capture of Samaria 722 B.C. (2 Kings xvii. and Isaiah xx. 1). In the reliefs of Tiglathpileser, a battering-ram is breaking down a tower from which the besieged beg for quarter, prisoners are impaled on stakes, two soldiers fight in company, one holding a shield large enough for both while the other shoots arrows, scribes are making record of the booty. Of Sargon there are two casts easily mistaken for originals,—one a head in profile, the other a full-length figure from a monument found near Larnaka, Cyprus.

Sennacherib, Sargon's son, King of Assyria from 705 to 681 B.C., and invader of Judah, is seen on a throne receiving submission from the people of Lachish, Palestine (2 Kings xviii., xix., and Isaiah xxxvi., xxxvii.), and giving instruction to his officers (2 Kings xviii. 17), who are ascending a mountain, on which the royal tent is pitched. The difference in cast of features between the Assyrians and Hebrews is strongly marked. One of the reliefs from the palace of Sennacherib shows a procession of Assyrian warriors with shields and spears like those used by the hosts of the Mahdi in our own time, and which the writer has seen brought into a British camp in the Soudan as trophies by the English soldiers.

Assurbanipal, the famous Sardanapalus, who ruled Assyria from 668 to 626 B.C., appears feasting with the queen in a garden; also, in many spirited hunting-scenes, pursuing wild asses, lions, etc.

The Cufic form of the Arabic may be seen on twenty-five funereal stones, and on coins from Egypt; the undeciphered character known as "Hittite," on six tablets, a stone bowl, and a representation of a lion. In a cast of a Hittite lion hunt, the pursuers, in scale armor, hurl lances from a chariot, one hunter approaches on foot the prey already transfixed, while a negro brandishes an axe.

Phœnician script is engraved on ten votive

stones from Carthage and vicinity and on a cast of the huge sarcophagus of Eshmunazar I., King of Sidon, 330 B.C. Its inscription, after naming the king's genealogy, temple constructions, and additions to Sidonian territory, invokes a curse on any one who shall attempt to open the tomb, and suggests Shakspere's well-known epitaph at Stratford:—

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Several Babylonian boundary-stones are closely covered with inscriptions. An account of the building operations of Nebuchadnezzar is given in a large stone book of ten columns, from the original in possession of the East India House of London.

A clay fragment from a Babylonian poem, called the "Izdubar Epic," tells the story of the deluge parallel with the account in Genesis. Another curious tablet records the restoration of the temple of the sun-god at Sippar in Babylonia, during the reign of Nebuapal-iddin. The god, in human form, is seated in his tabernacle, at the front of whose roof appear two guardians suspending the disc of the sun by cords, while toward it advance three persons,—a priest, a worshipper, or, perhaps, one brought for judgment, and a goddess.

A number of half-talents and lesser weights are fashioned in the shape of ducks and lions.

Modern views of persons and places in Palestine, Damascus, Ba'albec, Lebanon, Palmyra, etc., are given in a fine collection of photographs.

Of special interest to scholars are a Greek writing from the Temple of Herod and a cast of the famous Siloam inscription, the oldest Hebrew script known, found on the wall of a conduit cut through the rock of Mount Ophel, to connect the Fountain of the Virgin with the Pool of Siloam.

Among other Hebrew treasures are several *mezuzahs*, or door-post protectors, and a *shofar*, or ram's horn, used in the Jewish New Year's service. We were so fortunate as to be present when Prof. Lyon requested a Jewish friend, a rabbi, to sound the latter, and its clear, sonorous blasts awakened unwonted echoes in the Peabody Museum.

It is hoped that, ultimately, the Semitic collection may have a home of its own. At present it is given the use of a large hall in the Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, through the liberality of its curator, Prof. F. W. Putnam, and the other trustees.

Though the professorships of the Semitic Department of Harvard date from the eighteenth century, the extended courses now offered have been developed during the last ten years by Profs. Toy and Lyon to meet an increasing demand for instruction in this field of study. To supply the needed apparatus, the Semitic Museum has been established. At its formal opening, addresses were made by President Eliot, Prof. Toy, Senior Member of the Semitic Department, Prof. Lyon, Curator of the Museum, and Mr. Schiff, its founder. The latter, referring to the important place held by the Semitic people in history, said: "To them mankind is indebted for its religion, the world for a great part of its culture and civilization. In Israel monotheism found its origin. In Babylon and Phœnicia were created the methods which to a considerable extent govern commerce to-day, and the influence which Semitic ideas yet exercise upon modern thought cannot be illustrated more graphically than by recalling the importance which even our own generation attaches to Israel's patriarchs and religious personages.

"Indeed, the Jewish race, the modern representatives of the Semitic people, may well be proud of their origin and ancestry. Anti-Semitism in Europe, social prejudice and ostracism in free America, may for a time be rampant. Posterity will with shame and disgust repudiate these passions. To combat in the mean time these unsound currents in an efficient manner, opportunities should be created for a more thorough study and a better knowledge of Semitic history and civilization, so that the world shall better understand and acknowledge the debt it owes to the Semitic people.

"This latter conviction has induced me to originate the collection which is opened here to-day."

It is, indeed, significant that, while the Jews are suffering a persecution in Russia which stirs to indignation the civilized world, in our own country is being founded

an institution whose sole object is to encourage the study of their civilization, and to perpetuate their gifts to mankind. May it be the precursor of a change of sentiment and attitude toward the Hebrew race throughout the earth!

CORA AGNES BENNESON.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

OUR ZASSHI.

This queer-looking word means "magazine." It is the name by which the Japanese Unitarians speak of their magazine, the *Unitarian* of Tokyo. Now, although there may be no subscribers to our *Zasshi* among the readers of the American *Unitarian*, there are certainly many subscribers to the Japan Mission among them, and many of these are a good deal interested in the work our *Zasshi* is helping to do. Some months ago I sent to our friends in America, through these pages, a list of the titles of the more important articles which had appeared in the Japanese *Unitarian* during the first eight months of its existence. Recently the first year of the magazine closed. Probably it will help somewhat to gratify the interest of the friends of the work in Japan to have the list continued for the rest of the year.

The leading editorials of the last four numbers of the first volume were: (1) On a Noticeable Tendency among Japanese Christians; (2) Unitarian Principles: Basis; (3) Same Subject: Method; (4) Same Subject: Aim. Among the principal minor editorial articles were Buddhism as the National Religion of Japan, On the Evolution of Morals, Mental Freedom, Character-Making, Meaning of the Word "Christian," Some Interesting Words from Herbert Spencer, Belief as a Source of Power. The editor prepared, also, biographical sketches of Dorothea Lynde Dix, Dr. Hedge, and William J. Fox, and made many miscellaneous notes.

From the pen of Rev. Arthur May Knapp came a contribution to the History, Principles, and Influence of Unitarianism. Mr. Hawkes gave us articles on True Worship, Two Sides of Buddhism, Ideals, and Two Great Ideals. Prof. Wigmore wrote of Heroism, and of Charity, Old and New; and Prof. Liscomb directed attention to a subject of great importance,—Outlets for the Energies of Young Men in Japan.

All the other contributions were from Japanese friends whom I need not name. The kinds of thought which interest them, however, are shown by the following translation, in part, of the subjects of their articles: Ill-reputed Priests and the Conduct of Ignorant People, History of Unitarianism in Japan and the Establishment of the First Unitarian Church, The Religion that will improve Japanese Morality, Religion should be improved according to the Progress of the Age, Degree of Belief, The Great Law of Nature, Religious Oppression, Is Atonement by Christ a Fact? Japanese Morality, Christmas Greetings, The Forces that have moulded American Society (series), Woman and Belief, The Course of Action for our Party in the New Year, Love, Condition of Corea, Japan Unitarian Association, Human Nature, Those who preach Christianity should know the Religious Condition of our People, and Final Triumph. Several other articles were published, but translations of their titles would give no clear notion of their contents.

Our *Zasshi*, there is good reason for saying, is really a high-class publication, measured by Japanese literary standards. Among publications of its kind it is probably at the front. Japan is prolific of all sorts of periodical literary ventures. Although our magazine is now not much more than a year old, it is already almost a veteran in the field, and has the bearing of a leader. It is an effective representative of our cause, and in the near future I believe its usefulness will be much increased. Now that an effort at organization among Unitarian and liberal Christian sympathizers and believers is in progress here, our *Zasshi* can become one of the most efficient agents in the work. It is our intention to make it, in addition to what it is, the organ of our Association and of all co-operating societies and clubs. Its work so far has been largely of a less definite kind, diffusing ideas, stimulating liberal feeling generally, encouraging believers in liberal Christianity and rational religion without laying special emphasis upon organic expression. It has thereby done gratifying service; but it can do more by becoming, also, the special agent

of our effort to establish Unitarian and liberal Christian organizations. But do not misunderstand me. We have no intention, no desire whatever, to make our movement sectarian. It must be definite, of course; but we shall always endeavor to make it inclusive of all who are seeking to promote the interests of pure Christianity and rational religion. The charge made not long ago by a writer in the *Unitarian Review* that Unitarianism in Japan is sectarian was certainly based upon misinformation. Rather than see weak Unitarian, Universalist, German Evangelical, and Japanese liberal Christian churches struggling for existence as parts of rival sects, we have all along much preferred to be contributors to a liberal religious movement starting from among the Japanese themselves, in which the faith common to all the liberal missions may find expression, unembarrassed by the special historical differences peculiar to any one of them. Unitarianism in Japan will do most useful and fitting work, not by reproducing and establishing here the historical divisions which exist among liberal Christians, but by welcoming and helping forward such liberal church as the Japanese themselves may seek to establish, even though the Japanese may decline to identify their church with any one of the foreign organizations. We have a Unitarian Association and are forming Unitarian churches. Our friends of the other foreign liberal missions are doing the like for their several denominations. But, while organization is a necessity when work of any permanent value is to be done by many, *sectarianism* is not therewith a necessity also. There is no reason from any effort we are now making that we should not cooperate with and be ready to transfer the results of our work to any representative Japanese religious organization whose principles and aims are those common to our separate liberal bodies. This much it may be proper to say, in speaking of our *Zasshi* in its relation to the present attempt we are making at Unitarian organization, especially since the charge of sectarianism has been made against Unitarianism, as offered to the Japanese.

So far in the second year of our magazine, a large number of interesting articles have appeared. Before long I shall continue the list, that our friends at home may follow our doings, at least by the headings of the chapters which record them.

CLAY MACCAULEY.

Tokio, Japan.

"GOSPEL CRITICISM AND HISTORICAL CHRISTIANITY."*

A striking passage in the preface of Strauss's "Leben Jesu" informs the reader that the author had found many of the common people in substantial agreement with his views, and all ready to accept and proclaim them as soon as they found that they were not alone in their opinions. Recently, I have had occasion to ask several men whom I have met in sundry places how they accounted for the origin of our New Testament Gospels. The persons asked were men of intelligence and experience, but they were men of the world. They had never had occasion to give special attention to the more abstruse problems that puzzle the brains of the Biblical critic. One of the gentlemen was a State legislator, another was a member of the Detroit bar, another was a "drummer"; but all were men of hard common sense. The legislator took the book of which I write from my hand, read its title, and remarked that he "had no use for such a book." Yet, when I questioned him, I found that he was not only prepared to accept the ideas of the book, but that many of them were already his own. In details, he often erred, and of the facts of history that proved the assertions he made he had never heard; yet he had command of a clear and concise picture of how the Gospels originated, that was in the last resort something more and surer than mere speculation. The lawyer and the drummer had wandered far from the traditional views. When an attempt was made to defend these, they rebelled. Their arguments were not drawn from history nor from exegesis, but from every-day experience. Yet they were valid, and they were not beside the mark. When I had given them a short account of the origin of the stories as set forth by Dr. Cone, and asked them for their opinions, I

*GOSPEL CRITICISM AND HISTORICAL CHRISTIANITY: A Study of the Gospels and of the History of the Gospel Canon during the Second Century, with a Consideration of the Results of Modern Criticism. By Orello Cone, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

found that they agreed. They were aroused, and they protested at the defence of the old views, but by these they were calmed. They confessed the substantial truthfulness of the gospel story now, while before they were quite disposed to look at it askance.

I mention these facts because they are significant. They show that a very radical change is going on, and that it is due not so much to argument and speculation as to our modern institutions. Mr. Lecky, in the introduction to his "Rise of Rationalism in Europe," says: "A change of speculative opinions does not imply an increase of the data upon which those opinions rest, but a change of the habits of thought and mind which they reflect. Definite arguments are the symptoms and pretexts, but seldom the causes, of the change. Their chief merit is to accelerate the inevitable crisis. Reasoning which in one age would make no impression whatever in the next age is received with enthusiastic applause." This result, Mr. Lecky goes on to show, is not due to any one cause or any one discovery, but to a combination of causes, moral, intellectual, and social, operating upon mankind through various channels, religious and industrial. The philosopher does most to give men correct mental habits; but the masses are com pelled to acquire these, not from books, but from actual contact with an outer world. "It is probable that Watt and Stephenson will eventually modify the opinions of mankind almost as profoundly as Luther and Voltaire."

Dr. Cone's book is eminently fitted to accelerate the inevitable crisis. It is clear and concise. It gives the reader just what he desires to know, no more, no less. It is fair and honest, always close to the more recent history of the questions at issue, and never, therefore, merely speculative. The book will assist many to believe in regard to the gospel tradition with clearness where before they believed with certainty. I have not myself read a clearer and more satisfactory exposition of the Synoptic problem, or more gratifying words upon the several Gospels themselves. The author's fairness is conspicuous. Rival theories are not slurred nor passed over in silence. The opposing views are given, sometimes in detail; and the author gives the reasons why they are not to him of sufficient weight to establish the rival hypothesis. "The true critic," says Dr. Cone, "cannot be restricted by a mechanical method, but must move freely among his materials, under the direction of principle, indeed, but not the less of judgment and insight." Another indication of fairness, and, I believe, of a sympathetic treatment of Biblical tradition, is the author's avowed attitude toward the supernatural. In the chapter on the Canon, the author states at the outset that his opinions will not be controlled by an effort to establish that the Gospels either were or were not written by express divine aid. "Whether their authors were inspired or wrote as ordinary men are questions with which this study is not concerned." It is, the rather, occupied with an effort to trace all early traditions regarding the Gospels to their sources, and to ascertain, if possible, their value and importance. Again, in more explicit terms, the same attitude toward some of the miracles is disclosed. They are called legendary, "not from a prejudice against the supernatural as such, but partly because they offend the historical and critical judgment, which, when unbiassed, cannot but pronounce some of them to be of the nature of legendary stories, which in apocryphal Christian writings would be unhesitatingly set aside as such, and partly because of internal difficulties." I believe that this is the true method by which to reach the truth in regard to the Bible miracles.

While the *a priori* argument is to many conclusive, the great body of men that need most to be reached by the Higher Criticism are prejudiced against it by what they denominate its rationalistic method. Men whom the author of "Supernatural Religion" cannot touch will be convinced at once by Dr. Cone.

Lack of space forbids my calling attention to many striking arguments throughout the book,—arguments that ought to be on the tongue's end of every liberal defender of the faith. Ignorance of facts alone can account for the irrational and superstitious views of the New Testament that still prevail, and will continue to hold sway for some time to come, in spite of books that herald better and more helpful views.

I turn aside, therefore, to note one of our author's omissions. To many the omission is one that will change the whole point of

view as to the authenticity and integrity of the Fourth Gospel. I refer to the recent discovery of Tatian's "Diatessaron." For years conjecture has been busy in the effort to ascertain what this work of Tatian's might be. He was a contemporary of Justin Martyr, and left an "Oration to the Greeks," which was thought to have been written about the year 170. The "Diatessaron" was supposed to be lost. Eusebius states that Tatian wrote a Harmony of the Four Gospels, which he called a "Diatessaron." Epiphanius also bears testimony to the same effect. But neither of these writers seems to have been acquainted with this Harmony. The absence of any reference to it in the Western Church argues that it was not known in the West. It seems to have been written in Syriac, for the use of the Oriental churches. Much evidence is at hand that goes to show that large use was at one time made of this "fourfold gospel," and that the Gospels as separate works were comparatively unknown. Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrrhus, near the Euphrates, says that he found more than two hundred of these in use, and he put them away and introduced our Gospels in their place. This was about 450 A.D. In the twelfth century an Armenian bishop makes mention of a commentary written upon this "Diatessaron." The commentary was itself published in 1836; but it attracted little attention. Recently Dr. Zahn, with the help of this commentary and the quotations made from it by early writers, attempted to restore the text. His work was eminently successful, as has been shown by the sequel, and is a vivid confirmation of the substantial accuracy of the Higher Criticism. Zahn's investigations called forth the comment that an Arabic version of the "Diatessaron" was known to exist in the Vatican library. In 1883 Father Ciasca gave an account of this manuscript, and promised that he might be able to edit it. Meanwhile the work delays; and a stranger, being shown the treasures of the Vatican, and especially the Arabic manuscript of the "Diatessaron," remembered that he had seen a similar one in Egypt. Upon his return, this was forwarded to Rome, and it proved to be so legibly written that in 1888 the "Diatessaron" of Tatian was finally published at Rome. I have not seen this book, nor have I seen any account of it that sets at rest all my doubts. H. W. Watkins, the Bampton Lecturer for 1890, says that the work is a harmony of four Gospels, "practically identical with our own." So, then, the Fourth Gospel was known to Justin Martyr in its present form, and Dr. Cone was not writing in the light of most recent discovery when he doubted whether Tatian's Fourth Gospel was identical with ours, and, again, when he said, "Tatian, too, a pupil of Justin, appears to have been acquainted with the [Fourth] Gospel, *although he does not expressly refer to it.*"

That the discovery of the "Diatessaron" has forever set aside the date assigned by Baur and his school we may admit. We may even go a mite farther and admit, with Matthew Arnold, that Basilides, quoted by Hippolytus (?) in the Philosophumena, "about the year 125 of our era, had before him the Fourth Gospel"; but why, on the basis of this discovery, or of any facts I have yet met with, we should go all the way with the Bampton lecturer above referred to, and believe that John wrote the Gospel which bears his name I cannot conceive. I do not, at present, incline to admit that Dr. Cone's conclusions as to the Fourth Gospel have been vitiated in the least by Father Ciasca's remarkable discovery. Dr. Watkins in his course of lectures is manifestly unfair. Those who reject the Johannine authorship of the Gospel are ruthlessly set aside because they agree not among themselves in the details. Those who maintain the Johannine authorship are, on the other hand, giants in authority, no matter how they may quarrel over minor points, no matter though some are strongly negative and rationalistic everywhere but here. We are coming to have a deep-set dislike for books written in this spirit.

I am never driven from the field by a conservative critic of "John's Gospel" but a moment's reading of its pages will restore me to the "heretical views." The metaphysical tendencies, the manifest approach from primitive simplicity toward Nicean dogmatism, the omission of every reference to the second coming which overflowed in all the earlier thought, the contradiction between John's own opinion and that of his (?) Gospel as to the time of the crucifixion, —these and many other facts, which Dr.

Cone has marshalled before the reader, drive away the thought that John wrote the Gospel that bears his name.

Dr. Cone has added some valuable essays to his book, and by many these will be read with most interest. They are suggestive and helpful, and insist upon the truth, which needs often to be emphasized, that criticism does not "invalidate historical Christianity." Dr. Cone believes in the message of the gospel, and he writes that he may lift it out of its bondage to time and sense. A. B. C.

SOME POETS' GRAVES AT FLORENCE.

On July 1, 1891, thirty years will have passed since the little group of mourners stood around the open grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the beautiful cemetery at Florence, where the wooded Apennines looked down in the calm sunset light, and Robert Browning himself recited his dead wife's well-known lines,—

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The Protestant burial-ground lies just beyond the old gate of the Borgo Pinti, only removed in 1870, with a portion of the city wall, to make room for the new boulevard, Principe Amedeo. From the centre of this broad *viale*, the cemetery rises up like an island, many feet higher than the public way, encircled by a stone wall surmounted by an iron railing, its sloping, grassy summit fringed by a row of tall cypresses. Passing through the entrance gate, close to the dwelling of the *custode*, whose plump, fair, blue-eyed wife, reminding one of Tessa in "Romola," was accustomed to admit strangers without difficulty, a thoughtful traveller, visiting it, like the present writer, in the days ere it was closed to farther burials, might pleasantly linger for hours in this city of the dead from many lands, since it would seem that all who had no right to rest in Roman Catholic consecrated earth had found shelter here. Tombs with French, German, Italian, even Russian and Hungarian inscriptions may be seen, while English and American graves meet the eye on every side. A wide gravel walk leads up to the higher part of the long slope, marked by a tall, white column, bearing a marble cross, beneath which is an inscription in French, saying that it was erected in 1858 by King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, and the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." A narrower path leads at right angles to the first across the cemetery, then (1874) so crowded that it was difficult to walk between the graves, while fresh ones were being opened along the low gravel walk running round the base of the enclosure. From porter's lodge to distant wall, monuments in every style of exquisite or vulgar taste appear in a confused crowd, leaving scarcely room for the flowers that grow between. The tomb of Mrs. Browning, usually the goal for all pilgrims who have no nearer interest in this lovely spot, stands on the left of the central walk, about half-way to the cross, close to the narrow flower-bed with its edge of box. A heavy sarcophagus, resting upon six low, ungainly pillars, with no record save

"E. B. B. Ob. 1861"

on one side of the ponderous structure, and a small female head in bas-relief, which some call a medallion of Mrs. Browning, but others maintain to represent the Genius of Poetry, is the inappropriate and disappointing monument of the great poetess, seemingly unworthy of the fame of its designer, Sir Frederick Leighton; and the traveller turns for relief to the many touching epitaphs of the humbler dead on either hand.

The humbler dead! Each one of those crowded graves was designated by a number deeply cut into the marble, the highest being over twelve hundred. Most sad and touching sight of all,—on every side, wedged in between the tall, white slabs that headed mounds carefully tended and overgrown with flowers, leaning against the sides of costly monuments, or lying sunken and half-hidden in the long grass, one saw the plain *pietrino*, or "little stone," of a coarse gray, nameless, unmarked save by the ever-present number and a cross rudely cut in relief upon the flat, narrow top, which alone showed the resting-place of those who had died in the foreign land with none to honor the spot where they were laid save by this.

All know how Robert Browning, who had had a double grave made for himself

and his wife, was not permitted to be laid beside her, but was worthily buried in Westminster Abbey, whither, it is to be hoped, her ashes may one day be taken to rejoin his. The flowery resting-place in fair Florence, where upon the left hand we catch a glimpse of Giotto's campanile beyond the houses, while on the right the long, sunlit Apennines smile over toward the cypresses lifting their dark peaks into the clear sky, is more beautiful than the gray and quiet gloom of the Poets' Corner beside Spenser's grave. Yet who can doubt that the choice of the great poetess's own heart would have been to be placed forever by the side of him who, as she said, in other words, at the time of her marriage, had given her—

"Earth's three best gifts,—life, love, and Italy,"

or that there would have been a true poetic fitness in the tomb of these two English singers, who both loved Italy so well, being made the central goal of interest for the feet of pilgrims to the cemetery at Florence?

The grave next to "E. B. B." is that of Holman Hunt's first wife, a step or two farther back from the walk.

Most persons have heard of the strange blunder upon Landor's gravestone, where the inscription, setting forth that it had been erected by "his wife," has been carven "his *coife*," and never corrected. His own slab is unpretending; but his son's tomb is surmounted—one had better say weighed down—by a life-size marble figure of *his coife* kneeling in a disconsolate attitude on a heavy *prie-dieu*, her left hand, with the wedding-ring displayed, shading her grieving face, and the whole thing both disgusting and ridiculous, and in the worst taste of modern Italian funereal art. One may add that the latter attains what we may hope is its high-water mark in the otherwise beautiful and interesting rural cemetery, "Lo Staglieno," near Genoa, in whose crypts the embalmed body of Mazzini is buried. Some of the many monuments filling the cloister running round the open space are beautiful and pathetic; while others, for example, represent the fair young widow of the tenant of the vault in full size, as if quitting her husband's tomb, with marble tears pearling down her cheeks, from beneath her marble eyelashes, while she daintily and coquettishly holds up a richly embroidered skirt to display the ruffles on her marble petticoat; and one sighs for the simplicity of a Moravian or even a Quaker burial-ground rather than such sights as these.

Yet, though their monuments may be sometimes hideous, the Italians as a rule excel in the wording of epitaphs, usually in perfect taste, simple, and touching, such as meet the eye in every church, on every cloister wall, and often strike with only too full a pathos on the hearts of those who are far away from home. As Dickens expresses it, "The Italians are dramatic: the French are theatrical." And one may feel, if not absolutely analyze, the difference at every turn.

Theodore Parker lies somewhere among these Florentine graves, and the gifted wife of T. Adolphus Trollope, and his mother.

Not very far from Landor's tomb is that of Arthur Hugh Clough, on the right hand side, as you enter, near the lower part of the gentle slope. It is a simple white headstone, "erected by his wife and sister"; and Matthew Arnold refers to his friend's grave when he apostrophizes him:—

"From thy broad, lucid Arno vale,
Where still thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
Their morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale."

Clough is not considered Arnold's equal as a poet: he is, indeed, inferior to him in smoothness, melody, and the *technique* of the poet's art. And yet, for strength, and vigorous presentation of truths new and old, in vivid lines which we fall back upon for counsel and comfort in hours of weariness, he seems, to some of us, fit to rank alongside of the musical singer whose mournful philosophy, however tenderly and kindly meant, might too well be epitomized in his own words,—

"Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be."

Clough died when nearly forty-three; yet he appeared scarcely to have attained his full maturity of powers, and will never be a poet for the crowd. He is hardly to be judged by his longest poem, "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich," whose lengthy hexameters are sometimes wearisome, in spite of its

many fine, scattered lines, and the stirring battle-cry of—

"Sound, thou trumpet of God! come forth, great cause, to array us!
King and leader, appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee."

Rather is he to be best known and loved through the study of his minor poems, such as "Qui Laborat, Orat," "The New Sinai," and the justly celebrated "Qua Cursum Ventus." It is to be regretted that so many of these have no titles, except the opening lines, since they contain a brave philosophy that well deserves to "pass into the mental organization like iron globules," as Robertson of Brighton said certain of Carlyle's writings had done to himself. The world stands in need of such.

His other long poem, "Amours de Voyage," interests one chiefly on account of its description of the siege of Rome in 1849. Clough was there during the whole, in full sympathy with the liberal movement in politics, as in religion, and enjoying the friendship of the leaders of the Italian cause.

Regarding his own faith, vague yet strong, Clough appears to be one of those seekers after truth, more numerous in the present generation than in his own, whose reaction from an early Orthodoxy has brought them into a hand-to-hand struggle with the soul's deep problems, not ever ended, not wholly victorious,—can such struggles ever be?—yet enabling him to conquer sufficiently to say, as he says in "The New Sinai":—

"Take better part, with manlier heart,
Thine adult spirit can;
No God, no truth, receive it ne'er,—
Believe it ne'er,—O man!
But turn not, then, to seek again
What first the ill began.
No God, it saith. Ah, wait in faith
God's self-completing plan."

Clear, bold, and statuesque rather than pictorial, this poem, too long to quote entirely, may well stand for the epitome of Clough's philosophy, and the spiritual level he had won at the age of twenty-six, when it was written, in 1845. There are doubtless many yet living who remember him during the eight months he spent at Cambridge, Mass., from November, 1852, to July, 1853, expanding healthily amid our Western world's new, freshening life, more congenial to him than the older civilization he had left behind, and returned to not without reluctance. His outward life, after his brilliant early career at Rugby, was uneventful. He held an office in the Educational Department of the Privy Council from the time of his marriage in 1853 until his death of a malarial disorder while at Florence in search of health, Nov. 13, 1861.

He was the second of the three great English poets buried in the cemetery, following Mrs. Browning within a few months, and preceding Walter Savage Landor by nearly three years. Italy might well say to him,—

"Strong singer, laid in Tuscan earth at rest,
Whose manly music helps with hymns of cheer
All seeking souls like thine, who hold thee dear,
That ground was hallowed for the pilgrim's quest
When Florence heaped her flowers o'er the breast
Of Browning's 'lyric love,' left sleeping ere
Thy singing ceased when autumn woods were sere.
A poet-presence and a guardian-guest—
Though England call, "I claim her laurelled head,"
And bid yon grave yield up its sacred trust
To Browning's abbey-tomb beyond the sea—
That quiet, crowded city of the dead,
Where Landor lies so near thy peaceful dust,
Shall fondly find, for England's sake, in thee!"

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LIBERAL FAITH.

It is constantly charged that we of the liberal faith do not believe in revivals and missions; that we hold an emasculated faith; that we substitute ethics for religion, rationalism for faith, and a new theology for the old gospel. If this were deliberate misrepresentation, it might be passed by in silence: it is more generally misapprehension, therefore it calls for continual correction. It is because we do believe in the old gospel, in missions, in revivals, that we believe in the liberal faith. We believe that this faith truly interprets the gospel, and promotes revivals and inspires the missionary spirit.

We believe that the inspiration of hope and love is far more efficacious to promote

righteousness than the deterrent power of law and penalty. We believe that the world is to be saved by hope, not by fear, that love is the only true obedience, and that love begets love. We carry this faith out consistently in the family and the State, as well as in our theology. We believe the best place for the rod is in the fire, not on the mantel, and that in the home where hope broods purity and love are nested. We believe that all prisons should be penitentiaries, all punishments reformatory, and that to every criminal entering a prison hope should show an open door to liberty through repentance and reformation. Our penology and theology are in spirit identical.

We believe in God, and in a God who is wholly love. We have read John Stuart Mill's declaration of his faith in a God "who desires and pays some regard to the happiness of his creatures, but who seems to have other motives of action which he cares more for"; and we have seen substantially the same statement more ambiguously phrased by more orthodox authors. We do not believe this. We believe that God is love; that love expresses the sum of all his moral attributes; that justice is love working out the good of the all; that mercy is love working out the good of the one; that, however these seem to conflict in human governments, they are consistent and cooperative in God's government; that his mercy endureth forever; that his government is a government of mercy; that all his laws are framed and administered for healing and redemption. We do not believe that he does all things "for his own glory." The glory of the mother is her love; but she does not love for her own glory, could not love for her own glory, for self-seeking is not and never can be love. We believe that God loves because God is God; and, if we could conceive him as ceasing to love, we should cease to worship him, for what we worship is not his power nor his wisdom, but the love that directs them both.

We believe in man, in man as the child of God, in man as made in God's image and of kin to him. We believe, with Bushnell, that depravity is not natural, but against nature. Sin is an overlay, a foreign element, a disease, a morbid growth. We believe, with our critics, that humanity is lost; but we turn to the fifteenth chapter of Luke to find out what Christ meant by lost, for we mean what he meant. And he meant by lost not yet found. The lost coin is still gold with the image of the king upon it; the lost sheep, a sheep still, no wolf; the lost son has still the blood of the father in his veins. We appeal to men accordingly. You are gold, we say: you do not belong in the muck-heap. You are the Shepherd's own sheep, your place is in the fold, your inheritance peace. You are your Father's own son: you are out of place in the far country, and with harlots for your companions.

We believe that the world has been found of God. Our Bible contains no such text as "Behold the Lamb of God who is taking away some sins from some men!" It points us to the Lamb of God who is taking away *the* sin from *the* world. This is the divine unriddling of history. The whole process of life, reaching, we have no reason to doubt, out into the other life as well, since this life is so fragmentary and broken, is a process of redemption. Everything is a means of grace, if we will make it so. Our message is therefore the message of the angels on the first Christmas morn,—a message of "good tidings of great joy to all people." It is the message which Christ came bringing to hearers thronging to hear his hopeful words, "The kingdom of God is at hand." It is the message of Paul, "The night is far spent: the day is at hand."

We believe in evolution. We believe in redemption: science gives us the one spelling, religion the other. Redemption is God's evolution of a perfect manhood out of very imperfect material. We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory to be in his hands and become his workmanship.

To the prodigal son, as he journeys, footsore and weary, across the country to his father's house, our message is not: Perhaps your father will receive you, perhaps not. He owes you nothing: you have no claim upon him. You are not fit even to be his hired servant, for you are not fit to do his work; and it is certain that, if you do not make haste and get there before the going down of the sun, the door of his house will be closed against you. No. This is our word to him: Your father loves you, has always loved you, will always love you. He

is waiting to receive you. Though you have forgotten that you are his son, he has not forgotten that he is your father. Our message is Christ's message to Zaccheus, to the paralytic, to the woman that was a sinner. It is the medicine of hope for the disease of despair.

And we believe this message has a power to quicken the lagging footsteps already turned toward the Father, and to turn toward the Father the feet of those now in the wilderness, such as no message of law and penalty and limited mercy and imperfect love ever has had or ever can have. And we willingly accept the test of the Master, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and leave the value of this liberal faith to be tested by its power to equip men for life's battle, to furnish them unto all righteousness, and make them worthy to be called the children of God.—*The Christian Union.*

HEARING CANON LIDDON AT ST. PAUL'S.

When in London, two years ago, I was so fortunate as to hear on the same day the greatest preacher of the Established Church (generally so regarded), Canon Liddon, and the greatest preacher among the English dissenters, Spurgeon,—the one in St. Paul's Cathedral, under the great dome, and the other in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The death of Canon Liddon has added new interest to the recollections of the day, especially as the discourse to which I listened must have been among the very last that the distinguished orator delivered in the cathedral so long associated with his name and fame. I have thought that the readers of the *Unitarian* may like to accompany me to this service.

Where is St. Paul's? It is located perhaps a third of a mile north of the Thames, in the very heart of London, in almost the centre of the oldest, the most solidly built, the best known business section of the great metropolis. Straight east, a short mile away, are the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House. A mile west are the Temple and the New Law Courts. A quarter of a mile north-east and north-west are the general post-office and Newgate Prison. Close by is Paternoster Row, in the past as in the present the headquarters of the book-trade. The great thoroughfare,—the greatest in London,—running parallel with the river, from the Bank to Charing Cross and the Parliament Houses, goes past St. Paul's, or, rather, divides and goes both sides of it, being called, in its different sections, Cornhill, the Poultry, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, the Strand, and the West Strand,—all the same street, but bearing in its different parts these different names.

St. Paul's is badly shut in by buildings. To give the full effect to its magnitude and its noble architecture, it ought to stand by itself, in a broad, open space. In one way, however, this want of clear space around it is partly compensated for. The building is so lofty that it rises like a giant above everything else anywhere in its region, so that its great dome is a landmark visible from many parts of London, by means of which one can "orient" himself. It is almost as hard to get out of sight of the dome of St. Paul's as out of the sound of its ponderous bell, "Big Paul," which strikes the hours of day and night.

St. Paul's is the cathedral church of London,—St. Paul's, and not Westminster, though Westminster is quite as historic. St. Paul's has, also, the distinction of being the largest Protestant church in the world, and is exceeded among Catholic churches only by St. Peter's at Rome. Its length exceeds five hundred feet, and its breadth is half as great. Thus it would cover about two of our ordinary American city blocks. The height to the top of the cross above the dome is 370 feet. The glory of the building is its magnificent dome, which is generally considered the finest in the world. To me it seemed a work of perfect art. I should never tire of gazing on it. But I must confess it seemed to me somewhat to dwarf the *rest* of the church, vast as the proportions of the whole building are. The four structures that I saw in the Old World that perfectly met my expectation as architectural creations, that satisfied and filled all my desires, and sent me away from them awed, that expressed all that it seemed to me art at its finest ought to be capable of expressing of grandeur, power, beauty, and grace, —yes, and of mystery, too,—were the cathe-

dral at Cologne, the interior of St. George's Church in Windsor Castle, the exterior of the Parliament Houses in London, and the dome of St. Paul's.

We arrive at the cathedral three-quarters of an hour too early for the service; but let us enter the great building. Early as it is, two or three thousand people are already present, and the number is swelled later to five or six thousand; for, when Canon Liddon preaches, which he does only about twelve times a year, it is a great event, and of course, in so famous a church and so large a city, the audience is sure always to be large.

The pulpit and most of the congregation are under the great dome. The seats are mainly chairs or other light, movable structures, as in all European cathedrals.

We have time to look around us before the service begins. We are struck immediately with the grand scale of everything. Think of columns forty feet in diameter, and eight of them to support the dome alone. Soon we notice that the interior of the cathedral is not finished,—a characteristic of many cathedrals of the Old World. As our eyes wander up toward the dome and along the vast walls and ceilings, we observe many spaces that are bare, which were evidently designed by the architect to be filled with paintings. Indeed, before several spaces scaffolds are suspended, and the work of painting is now actually in process.

Nothing about St. Paul's is more impressive than its monuments and memorials of the dead. Of course, as a mausoleum, it does not compare with Westminster; yet one must have a very unsusceptible nature who does not tread softly and with reverent feeling amid the memorials and over the ashes of so many of England's most illustrious sons. For myself I felt something of an inward protest that so large a proportion of those honored here were warriors: it seemed to me to indicate that even England, with all her boasted civilization and Christianity, is only a little way removed from barbarism. There are monuments to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, the three Napiers (the admiral and the two generals), and Gen. Gordon, and statues of Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the British forces at the close of our Revolutionary War, Sir John Moore, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and many others who won fame in England's various wars by land and sea.

But more interesting than these are the monuments and statues that commemorate England's peace heroes. Conspicuous is a statue of John Howard, who immortalized himself and glorified our common humanity by a life of almost unparalleled devotion to the welfare of his wronged and suffering fellow-men. The statue represents him as holding in his hand a bunch of keys, symbolical of his opening prison-doors, and bringing justice and mercy and hope to those who were bound and in despair.

There are also statues or other memorials of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the literary autocrat of the last century, Sir William Jones, the learned Orientalist, Bishop Heber, the missionary and poet, Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon, Henry Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, Dean Milman, the historian of the Christian Church, the distinguished painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, West, Fuseli, Lawrence, J. M. W. Turner, and others.

Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the cathedral, as is fitting, lies buried here; and his is incomparably the noblest monument of all, for over the north door, in letters of gold, we read the inscription in Latin: "Subtus conditur hujus ecclesiae et urbis conditor Ch. Wren qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi sed bono publico. Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice": "Beneath is buried Christopher Wren, architect of this church and city, who lived for more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if you seek his monument, look around."

But it is time for us to turn from the dead to the living. The great congregation, drawn together by the fame of Canon Liddon's name, has assembled, and the hour for the service has arrived. Every seat under the great dome is filled, and the throng extends far away toward the west door. The proportion of men is noticeably large. On the whole, the company is a most respectable one; but it is singularly conglomerate. There are Churchmen and Nonconformists. There are Londoners and people from all other parts of England. There are foreigners from many lands,—

among them many Americans; for is not one of the great ecclesiastical lions of England and the world to be seen and heard to-day? The majority present, however, are Englishmen and good Churchmen, as we shall soon see by the way they will follow the service, and bow their heads when the name of Christ is uttered, as good Churchmen are taught to do. And, by the way, it strikes an outsider as very curious that men should think it necessary to make an obeisance at the name of Christ, but not at the name of God. Has the worship of Jesus with many Protestants, as the worship of Mary with many Catholics, become exalted above the worship of God? So it would seem.

For some time before the service proper begins, we are treated to music on the organ. And, oh, such music as it is! The instrument is one of the largest and finest in the world; and, plainly, the player is a master! One is paid for coming just by this glorious music. What an instrument is the organ! As one sits here, held entranced by its marvellous power, he is tempted to ask if it was made on earth or if it came down out of heaven.

Never, until I heard the organ in its real home in the great cathedrals of the Old World, did I realize the range and wealth of its harmonies, the glory of its possibilities, the depth of its pathos. The organ and the cathedral, especially the Gothic cathedral, are made for each other. They are sisters: nay, they are mother and child. The Gothic cathedral has been called "frozen music." It should be called frozen *organ* music; for the music which, freezing, took those glorious forms of arch and buttress and pinnacle and spire and carving infinite, must have been the outbreathed soul of the organ. No other music on earth is rich enough.

The regular Church of England service, the same essentially as our Episcopal service here, was gone through, taking about an hour. The clergyman conducting it was not Liddon, but some one of less note. Instead of reading the prayers and liturgies, he intoned them,—that is, rendered them in a high and strangely unnatural voice, a sort of falsetto, which was neither reading nor singing,—giving to the whole performance an artificial character. But the choir was a fine one, and its responses were beautiful, which helped one to forget somewhat the distraction of the priest's intonings. Just as the long service drew to a close, a figure appeared in front and to the right, advanced rapidly to the pulpit steps, and ascended to the small pulpit. It was the preacher we had come to hear.

Before we go further, let us pause a moment to inquire, Who is Canon Liddon, and what is his place in the English Church?

A cathedral city is the city in which a bishop of a diocese has his "seat." A cathedral church is the church in which he has his "throne," or place from which he speaks *ex cathedra*, or with "ecclesiastical authority." Each cathedral in England is governed by a dean and several canons. To be a canon of a cathedral like St. Paul's is, of course, regarded as a high ecclesiastical dignity.

But Liddon is more than a canon of St. Paul's.

He was exactly sixty years old when I heard him. He graduated at Oxford forty years ago. Since his graduation, the University has conferred upon him her highest honors, the degrees of D.D. and D.C.L., in recognition of his scholarship, and especially of his ability as a preacher. For some years he preached at Oxford, in the Church of St. Mary's, the same church in which Newman preached with such power before he went over to Catholicism. And, since Newman's day, no preacher has had such popularity in that city as Liddon. For several years he held the Chair of Scripture Exegesis at Oxford. He published a number of books, the most popular of which was his Bampton Lectures on "The Divinity of Jesus Christ," delivered at Oxford in 1866.

Theologically, he was a conservative of the conservatives. Ecclesiastically, he was a High Churchman. The English Established Church is divided pretty definitely into three parties, called the High Church, the Broad, and the Low. The Low Church is evangelical; the Broad Church is liberal; the High Church is ritualistic, and devoted, above all things, to forms. Liddon, perhaps quite as much as any one, during the years of his later life, was the leader of the High Church party. He was especially op-

posed to liberalism in all its forms, using his tongue and pen against it more than almost any other preacher of the English Church.

Such, then, is the man whom we have come to St. Paul's to hear. As he rises in his pulpit, we see he is of medium size and height, with a pale face, somewhat stooping shoulders, and not a particularly intellectual look. He has not spoken many sentences before we perceive that he has a clear, strong voice and an articulation that is remarkably perfect. We are so far away that we expect to hear little or nothing of what he says. But, to our agreeable surprise, we find we can hear everything. And we have reason to believe that he is heard by nearly or quite all the great throng; that is, by persons nearly twice as far away as ourselves. I think he can be heard quite as far as Spurgeon, though his voice is not nearly so pleasant and winning as Spurgeon's.

His text is those verses of the first chapter of Luke, known as the Magnificat, or the utterance of Mary in her interview with Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." His subject is the exaltation of Mary (and, through her, of woman-kind) in the fact of her being chosen to be the mother of the incarnate God, the Saviour of the world.

Every unbiassed scholar knows that this text is to be classed among the most questionable parts of the Gospels. Around the birth of Jesus there arose by degrees, half a century or more after his death, a group of legends ascribing a miraculous character to that birth which at first was represented as natural and like other men's. But of all this Canon Liddon gives us not a hint. Every word of his text is treated as historical and unquestioned, the absolute utterance of Almighty God through the lips of Mary.

His sermon is more than an hour long, but it holds the audience perfectly to the end.

The preacher's style is elaborate and finished. It is as far as possible from the conversational style. He plunges almost at the beginning into a rushing tide of impassioned speech, which he maintains to the end of the discourse. All is written out and read, but it is read well. Liddon is an orator of the old school; but he is an orator. He holds his audience with great power.

Yet how meagre and mediæval is his thought! His type of mind is that of a born advocate, a pleader, a partisan, an apologist. There is nothing of the judge in his nature. There is nothing of the spiritual seer, nothing of the prophet, the leader into paths of reform, the man who

> "Dares to be
> In the right with two or three."

He opens no new springs of truth. He draws all his thought from cisterns,—cisterns constructed long ago, according to patterns approved by the Church. He is a backward-looker, a man who has spent his life inculcating the observance of old forms in religion, and defending a system of doctrines that is passing away.

The service closes. We pass from the great church, glad to get once more into the sunshine and the sweet air, and out from under the shadow of views of God and man so cramping, so depressing, so little in harmony with nature or what is best in modern thought.

Canon Liddon's death occurred last autumn. We are told that the later years of his life were much shadowed by pain at the signs, everywhere appearing, of decline of faith in the old dogmas which to him were so dear, and the general advance of the thinking world toward larger and more reasonable views of religious truth. To him this change meant scepticism. He believed in no progress of religious doctrine. In other things we may seek for the new, but not in religion. Here the truth has been given to us once for all, and we should accept that without question. The newer Biblical scholarship, which shows that our Scriptures came into existence in purely human and natural ways, he fought with all his might. The doctrine of Evolution he antagonized at every step of its advance. On the subject of the origin of the world and of man he held that the one eternal authority is the book of Genesis: by this must all science be measured. Especially was he troubled by the appearance of the new religious thought (the new scepticism, as he

regarded it) in Oxford. His dear Oxford, the home of Newman and Pusey, the stronghold of High-Churchism, he had especially relied on as a bulwark against the new tendencies. But for many years before his end came he had been noting with pain that Oxford was loosening from her old moorings. Broad-Churchism, scientific tendencies, the new Bible criticism, were all making their appearance there. She was hoisting anchor and spreading sail, and beginning unmistakably to move out toward the open sea of the freer and larger thought of the modern world.

No wonder, therefore, that his later life was saddened. He was fighting a losing battle. The world moves: truth advances. He who would not be left behind must ally himself with those who dare face the future and question the past and throw open all their windows to the light.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

PRESIDENT CONE'S NEW BOOK.

The important work on "Gospel Criticism" which has just appeared from the pen of President Cone of Buchtel College is reviewed by a competent hand on another page. What is said there is perhaps enough; yet the book seems to us of so much value and significance that we cannot refrain from adding an editorial word. Dr. Cone's work treats of the most important questions of New Testament criticism, under the following heads: The Text; The Canon; The Synoptic Problem; The Gospel according to Mark; The Gospel according to Matthew; The Gospel according to Luke; The Gospel according to John; The Eschatology of the Gospels; Dogmatic "Tendencies" in the Gospels; The Old Testament in the Gospels, or the Hermeneutics of the Evangelists; The Gospels as Histories; Criticism and Historical Christianity.

We know of no more candid and competent discussion of these themes within the same limits. The conclusions reached are generally those of the Tübingen School in its later developments,—pretty nearly those set forth briefly by Dr. Abbott in his article on the Gospels in the Encyclopædia Britannica; essentially those reached by Prof. Toy in his recent work on "Judaism and Christianity"; essentially those admirably summarized by Martineau in his "Seat of Authority in Religion." To name a few points, Dr. Cone holds that those who formed the New Testament canon had no infallible divine guidance; that the Fourth Gospel was not written earlier than the second quarter of the second century; that its author was not John, but that it probably contains *logia* from John; that the motive which called it into being was dogmatic rather than historic; that for historic data concerning Jesus we must go to the synoptic Gospels (Matthew, Mark, and Luke); that these were written from forty to sixty years after the death of Christ; that they contain legendary elements; that they were written not wholly without a theological purpose, yet that there is in them an undeniable historical element which makes us sure of the general character and teaching of Jesus.

He sums up many of his conclusions in these words: "The results of the critical study of the synoptic problem and the synoptic Gospels go to show that these writings are precisely such attempts at historical composition as one would look for under the existing conditions, which were an original Gospel and a logia-document, an abundant and varying oral tradition, writers with different points of view, Messianic beliefs, tendencies, Apocalyptic expectations, a predilection for æsthetic and poetic representations, and a disinclination to critical and historical investigation. Writings so produced could not but present agreements and contradictions, correct statements and inaccuracies, historical and unhistorical elements, loose connections, transpositions, and a want of chronological arrangement. They might also be expected to contain the essential historical facts of the tradition of the life and teaching of Jesus, if we assume, as we must, the sincerity, good sense, and earnest purpose of their writers."*

Further, he says: "Criticism appears on its own grounds and by its own methods to contribute to the confirmation of historical Christianity, if to establish the general credibility of the synoptic Gospels as to the essential teachings and the character of Jesus be to do this. It must be acknowledged, however, that, if by historical Christianity

* p. 347.

is meant the whole body of doctrines, or a certain considerable number of them, which have been and are taught in the name of Christianity, then Christianity does not give it support. If it is made to include such doctrines as the infallibility of the record, original sin, total depravity, the trinity, imputed righteousness, a vicarious atonement, and endless punishment, then so far criticism is unfriendly to it. If, however, it means that Jesus lived; that he was a personality of unsurpassed moral and spiritual greatness; that he taught a morality and religion founded upon the doctrine that God is the Father of men, and all men are brothers, the central, practical precept of which was love to God and man; that he lived a blameless, worshipful life of consecration and service, in which his great teachings were eminently illustrated; that he performed some works which in his age were regarded as wonders; that, after an amazing and brilliant career of a few months in Galilee, he was crucified at Jerusalem, and that he was thereupon in some way manifested to those who had loved and followed him as victorious over death,—if these are the essential contents of historical Christianity, then it finds in criticism not an opposing and destructive agent, but a helpful ally."*

Thus it is seen that, while Dr. Cone's book is uncompromisingly radical in its methods and its conclusions, its outcome is thoroughly constructive and Christian, in the sense of giving us a solid basis for the Christianity, not, indeed, of the creeds, but of Christ. It is a book of rare strength and poise. The intelligence with which its author takes his positions, the precision of his language, the candor and logic of his argumentation, the breadth and firmness of his grasp upon the almost bewildering mass of material to be handled, and his courage in announcing his conclusions, are worthy of the highest praise.

This book places its author clearly at the head of the Biblical scholarship of his church (Universalist) in this country, and, indeed, in the front rank of American Biblical scholars of whatever name. The Universalist body has not been rich in Bible scholarship in the past, and what it has had has too generally been of a narrowly textual kind, content to expend its energies in efforts to discover a textual basis for the doctrine of universal salvation. And to-day the general attitude of Universalists toward the Bible is perhaps more conservative and timid than that of the Broad Church Episcopalians or the Andover Congregationalists. This is an unnatural condition of things, and must pass away. This book of Dr. Cone is a clear note, announcing that something better is coming. It is so thorough and broad in its scholarship, so masterly in its handling of its subject, so fair and just in its spirit, and so constructive while so radical in its outcome that it can scarcely fail to create an epoch in the thinking of its denomination on Biblical subjects. By its own worth and weight it must become a standard. At least the younger men of the denomination will follow Dr. Cone's strong leadership. That a new Universalism is rising, broader, more free, better furnished, more progressive, and at the same time more religious, and destined to do a more living and a larger work in the world, this book is one of many signs. J. T. S.

* pp. 343, 344.

A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

To-day I hear the voice of God,
  As in earth's Eden, close to men;
I see, where saints of old have trod,
  Our feet can find pure paths again;
I look a moment at their grace,
  Admire their faith, their struggles sore,
Then turn determined, in my place,
  To reach the life so blest of yore!

Our God is still the God of men,
  Our hearts are still his hiding-place,
His word is writ by many a pen,
  His spirit breathes through all the race;
And in our upward striving now,
  Man's growth of thought and vast desire,
Love's crown is set upon our brow,
  Our souls aflame with sacred fire!

New knowledge comes,—it comes as truth;
  New duties dawn,—they are our day;
New inspirations thrill our youth,—
  They are to us the life, the way.
The Christ reveals himself once more,
  And walks with us to vanish not:
Poor fishermen beside the shore,
  He enters in our common lot.

He is behind each earnest hope,
  Each aim that light or comfort yields;
His gospel has a wider scope;
  He sows his seed in broader fields,
Till waste and wilds as gardens grow,
  Till deserts drear produce the rose;
While living rivers grandly flow
  From creedal mountains' melting snows

To sense how holy is this hour,—
  Yea, how sublime the needs we feel,—
Is to respond to prophet power,
  To have God's spirit o'er us steal.
Eternal in its consequence,
  Decision well and wise we give
To conquer wrong, to shame pretence,
  And aid fair truth and love to live!

I would be faithful to my day,
  Count every movement as my own;
My sword shall flash to help its fray,
  My loyalty in deeds be shown.
God leads us on to better thought,—
  To love divine, to goodness great;
To serve my time my life is brought,
  To live to-day is highest fate.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Malden, Mass.

WHAT HAS SPIRITUALISM TAUGHT AND DONE?

The following statement relating to the teachings and achievements of Spiritualism was laid under the foundation-stone of the Spiritual Temple, Oldham, Lancashire, Eng., April 19, 1887. It is interesting in itself; and it is also interesting as showing how near Spiritualism in its best form comes to Unitarianism:—

1. Spiritualism proves man's immortality and the existence of a spiritual universe.

2. It destroys all fears of death, annihilates the doctrine of eternal punishment, and substitutes the cheering assurance of eternal progress.

3. It sweeps away the idea of a personal devil, and locates the sources of evil in man's own imperfections.

4. It denies the doctrine of any vicarious atonements for sin, and on the testimony of millions of immortal spirits solemnly affirms that every guilty soul must arise and become its own Saviour.

5. It ignores the degrading conception of a partial and vindictive God, and substitutes the worship of an Infinite, Eternal, and All-perfect Spirit,—an Alpha and Omega, all Love, Wisdom, and Law.

6. It demolishes the materialistic conception of the theological heaven and hell, making each a state of happiness or misery dependent on the good or evil within the soul itself.

7. It is the friend and promoter of all reforms that tend to elevate and benefit humanity.

8. While Spiritualism proclaims that there is a standard of truth in everything, it acknowledges man's incapacity to discover all truth, and therefore it fetters no one's opinion, and teaches, but never forces, its belief on any one.

9. Concerning all spiritual life, state, and being, Spiritualism accepts no theories that are not sustained by proven facts and corroborative testimony.

10. Its phenomena—being all based upon immutable principles of law—open up endless arenas of new research for science, its consensus of revelation—being founded upon facts—tends to place new religion on the basis of science and vitalize science with all that is true and practical in religion.

11. Spiritualism is a ceaseless incentive to practise good. It reunites the friends separated by death, strengthens the weak by the presence of angel guidance, cheers the afflicted with the certainty of another and better world, where justice will be done, every wrong righted. It is terrible only to the guilty, proving that spirit eyes read every secret crime, and that all crimes must be abandoned and atoned for by personal suffering and personal compensation before any guilty soul can attain happiness hereafter.

12. Spiritualists have no creed, but may all unite in the following simple summary:—

I believe in the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man,
The Immortality of the Soul,
Personal Responsibility,
Compensation and Retribution hereafter for all the good or evil deeds done here,
And a path of eternal progress and good open to every human soul that wills to tread it by the path of eternal good.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We have once or twice mentioned the striking case of religious bigotry and intolerance which has lately come to light in South Carolina. Prof. W. J. Alexander, who for some years has filled with confessed ability the Chair of Logic and Rhetoric in the South Carolina College, has been dismissed from his place because of his Unitarian views.

At a recent meeting of the vestry of the

Unitarian church in Charleston, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas the board of trustees of the South Carolina College, at its recent reorganization, has seen proper to deprive Prof. W. J. Alexander of the Chair of Logic and Rhetoric on account of his Unitarian views of religion; and

Whereas the South Carolina College is a State institution, non-sectarian in character, and committed to the teaching of no system of theology, and is supported, like other State institutions, by taxation imposed upon all citizens of the State, irrespective of their religious beliefs; and

Whereas being a Sta e institution, thus supported, it can admit of no religious test, or require its professors or candidates for professorships to conform to any standard of religious faith; and

Whereas the said board of trustees, by their aforesaid action regarding Prof. W. J. Alexander, have applied such religious test contrary to the rights of free citizenship under the law and Constitution of the country, and against the peace and dignity of the State of South Carolina; and

Whereas such action of the trustees unjustly discriminates between Unitarians and all other denominations of Christians by placing the former under civil disabilities so far as the holding of any office in the South Carolina College is concerned,—

Therefore, by the vestry of the Unitarian church of Charleston, S.C., a society chartered by act of the legislature of the State in 1817, be it

1. *Resolved*, That we deplore the action of the trustees of the South Carolina College, recited in the foregoing preamble, and regard it as subversive of the principles of religious freedom, and of those rights to the same which we, with others, have had guaranteed to us by the laws and Constitution of the country.

2. *Resolved*, That said action is an ill-advised interference with the private rights of conscience in matters of religion, for which no apology or excuse can be offered.

3. *Resolved*, That it applies without warrant or authority of any sort and in an unbecoming manner a religious test where none is admissible.

4. *Resolved*, That it not only discriminates unjustly against a people noted for Christian character and love of righteousness, but stands as a menace to all free and impartial inquiry after scientific truth in the chief institution of learning in our State.

5. *Resolved*, That, in the dismissal of Prof. Alexander for his religious views, not only has the South Carolina College lost one of its ablest and most distinguished professors, but the cause of religion has been injured more than it has been helped by those who profess to be its friends.

6. *Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the church records, and that copies of them be given to the press of the State for publication.

A. H. Petsch, *Secretary*.

ORGANIZATION AND LIMITATION.

It was a significant utterance of Mr. Crothers at one of the meetings of Anniversary Week in May last, when he said that we of the broader faith are likely to find ourselves saying to our fellow-workers, "I won't work with you unless you will fellowship everybody." We are, also, quite likely to forget that a platform may be exclusive by what it omits as well as by what it includes. No amount of freedom in fellowship would tempt a prohibitionist to join forces with a liquor league.

All organization exists as a means to an end. Whether that end be definitely expressed or not, it determines the scope and character of the organization, and acts as a principle of selection to attract advocates and exponents. If an organization *does* anything, its purpose and aim will somehow leak out, so that it is a saving of time and trouble to have that purpose definitely stated at the outset.

Organization necessarily implies limitation. So soon as I begin to act I begin to differentiate myself from my fellows. A bond of co-operation implies simply this: that we who thereby join ourselves together agree that, aside from the various things which we individually wish to do, there are certain things for which we will work in common. This common purpose constitutes the basis of our union. Without such common purpose, expressed or understood, no organization is possible.

It is marvellous that Unitarianism has done so much and preserved its organic integrity so well, when we consider the loose policy it has always maintained. But its past success is no argument for further laxity. The conditions of the religious world have changed since the first organization of Unitarianism. In these days of intellectual chaos, when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, we are likely to be overwhelmed in the floods of new thought, unless we take to some safe ark of refuge. It will no longer serve for each man to seek a plank

for himself. We must unite in the building of an ark for our common salvation. Let us not quarrel too much over plans and specifications, dimensions, and materials, but get to work on some definite plan, and discuss our minor differences afterward.

The great realities of faith are in imminent danger. God, immortality, prayer, worship,—these stars are like to be obscured by the clouds of our scientific doubts. Let us not be narrow or intolerant, but let us yield no jot or tittle of these central realities of religion in the interests of a fellowship and freedom which could serve no lofty end without them. When, as the price of union, we give up everything worth uniting and working for, what reason is there for our organic existence? It is to serve these great realities that churches and conferences are organized by men.

If there are any who object to the Christian name, for reasons good or bad, but who by some other name mean all that is implied in the term "liberal Christianity," we need not hesitate to give these hearty welcome among us; nor need they exclude themselves from our full fellowship, for it is not names, but the realities which dwell behind names, that we are working for. But, when any man, Christian or Jew, seeks to ignore those great realities which are the very spirit of the Church, he has no place among the servants of God, and should not wish to come in to be an element of weakness in the organic structure; nor ought he to enter, with agnosticism in his heart, and his sword of faith rusted in its scabbard, though he pronounce seven times the shibboleth of a name.

As Unitarians, let our purpose be large, and our method as broad as possible; but let us have both a purpose and a method, and let us, moreover, be not too much afraid of making them definitely known among our fellow-men. Timidity and nebulousness are not great virtues. Honest outspokenness and courage are not qualities that need be apologized for or hidden under a bushel. Great aims, clearly discerned, profoundly believed in, earnestly striven for, and held up distinctly and without apology in the sight of all men,—these are the indispensable conditions of success for the religious movement in which we are engaged.

GERONE.

THE EMANCIPATION OF CHRIST.

Go back in imagination to the year 1501, and see a young monk in the University of Erfurt turning over the rolls of manuscripts. Suddenly he comes across the Holy Scriptures, which he has never seen before. Reading them with care and avidity, a new light breaks upon his mind, and he sees everything in a new aspect.

In ancient times, when parchment was expensive, scholars wrote over the writings of former generations, using the same parchment often for four or five successive manuscripts. This we call a palimpsest. We have now discovered a way of erasing one after another of these writings until the first or lowest becomes visible.

On the 1st of June, 1886, in the presence of the Khedive of Egypt and representatives of all civilized nations, the wooden case from the mummy 5233 was removed, then winding-sheet after winding-sheet, bandage after bandage, was unwrapped, until at last there was the fine linen covering the face. This, too, was taken away, and men were face to face with the great Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, the mighty Sesostris of secular history.

These three seemingly unconnected things are illustrations of what is going on at the present day in religion.

For the last twenty years men have been finding the Scriptures. Like Luther, they are reading them for the first time, and a great light is making its way. The Bible, in its glory and integrity, was unknown to our fathers' fathers, and its divine light of truth is only breaking forth now.

It has been like a palimpsest. Over the first writing wrote Augustine and Athanasius and Origen, Calvin and Edwards and others; and only in the present time are the Scriptures, in their original and undefiled integrity, becoming visible. Writing after writing has been rubbed off until the words of Peter and Paul, of John and Jesus, stand forth in the radiant light of truth, calling men to life.

There are ten great religions, of which Christianity is the last. It had become a mummy, and, swathed in bandages and wrappings, was shelved away in the museum of time as No. 10. It has been brought into the light: the wooden cover and winding-

sheet and bandage and fine linen are removed, and men see at last the face of Christ.

Compare for a moment the Sermon on the Mount with the Thirty-nine Articles. Was ever a religion, its founder and his real teachings, so strangely obliterated? Compare Jesus as pictured in the limpid stories of these Gospels, in his daily life among men and women in the fields and by the lake, with the Christ in the Assembly Confession, —a Judge implacable, a King with triple crown, a Conqueror, stern, relentless. Compare the pictures, statues, and carvings of Christ, the bloody torture and sacrifice by which the walls of Europe's galleries are red, with Doré's nineteenth-century "Christ leaving the Prætorium." The trial before Pilate is ended. The final journey to the cross begins; but we feel instinctively that he who there descends the steps in the majesty of his divine presence is our Master and Guide, who, tempted as we are, withstood the temptations and trials of life, making God's will his will,—truest and highest example of that manhood we should all strive after.

Like Mary that morning at the sepulchre, the centuries have been searching in vain for the body of the Lord. Oriental mystery, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed with its curses, have been weaving and wrapping the bandages about Christ. The logic of the Middle Ages added its cases and coverings in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession until the wooden case seemed naught but dead, impenetrable wood.

But the new age has begun. It is not what Drs. Briggs and Newton say. They are mere straws in the march of time. The emancipation of Christianity is taking place, the proclamation of the good tidings can be heard. Everywhere we see the unveiling of the face and form of the divine Man, who, sharing our humanity, did not yield to its trials and temptations, thus showing us what we can do if we but follow in his footsteps.

CHARLES R. WELD.

Baltimore, Md.

I think the great main doctrine of Christ is that truth is light, and they who love the light come to it.—*F. W. Robertson.*

AN APPEAL FOR MEADVILLE.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

The enclosed "Appeal" in behalf of Meadville was written by Miss M. Adelaide Bird of Brooklyn, the secretary of the Post-office Mission work for the Church of the Saviour. It has the approval of Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, Chairman of the Meadville Endowment Fund Committee, and some of the women hereabout who are most interested in our work. At their request, I forward it to you for publication in the *Unitarian;* and I trust you will give it a place in your columns at an early date.

D. W. MOREHOUSE.

FOR ALL UNITARIAN WOMEN.

To all careful readers of the *Unitarian* magazine, and to all Unitarians, readers or not readers, careful or careless, the Meadville Theological School is known,—how well known is sufficiently doubtful to make the few following remarks reasonable, if not rhythmical.

The most interesting facts about this school are that it is distinctively Unitarian; that its tuition, library, and text-books are free to all; that it is in a quiet country town, where living expenses may be kept down to $120 a year; and that it is poor and needs professors, books, and, therefore, *money.*

Poverty is not often graceful, tender, beautiful; but at Meadville it is all three, and something else besides,—inspiring. Let any one doubting the assertion visit Meadville at any part of the school year, but most wisely at Commencement in leafy mid-June. Then can be seen the joy, ardor, and manly anticipation of the graduates, men and women, without prospects, without money, eager to set out and fight their battles for "the truth that has made them free." Equally impressive are the determination and subdued impatience of the undergraduates, who, after a hard year's work, long for a "summer opening" which will give them experience and possibly the wherewithal for the next year's living.

In the presence of so much earnestness, so much self-denial, such forgetfulness of money and position, one overpoweringly feels the nobility of this single-hearted search for truth and the supreme usefulness

of this Theological School, which gathers within its wide-open gates the poor,—perhaps, the rich,—but always the ardent-souled man or woman who is determined to learn and teach the truth.

Pleasant, indeed, is this Meadville spirit! It is worthy of being increased, it is capable of being extended, if the school is given more money. And now to come directly to the end for which all this has been said. Why should not we women of the Unitarian stronghold co-operate and supply these needed funds? Co-operation has made our greatest public benefits possible,—schools, bridges, universities, and countless others. Cannot another instance of its vast results be assured to Meadville?

The men of our denomination may give their most,—it is hoped they will; but the women must give their mite,—it is all they usually have to give. Some one who is an authority has said, "If every Unitarian woman in the country should give twenty-five cents, Meadville would be handsomely endowed."

The women of our denomination are an unknown number, for many who are of us, from circumstances cannot be with us. In addition, the widest publicity given to an appeal could not insure its reaching the notice of all. Therefore, it remains that those whose eye it meets should give, if possible, more than twenty-five cents. Undoubtedly, there is not one of us who could not in true Meadville spirit, by self-denial, contribute something toward this cause, thereby joining that all too small company of students who in Pennsylvania are doing without now so as to be gloriously doing in the future.

Appeals are difficult to make appealing. Yet there is a fine frenzy rolling between these lines, if only all could feel it, caught by a visit to Meadville. Twenty-four hours in that choice atmosphere, which is purified by the earnestness and good will of students and professors alike, who are in very truth friends and brothers,—twenty-four hours there, and the most indifferent spirit would return to the busy haunts of life, determined to stir up interest in and raise money for the Meadville Theological School.

This is the writer's apologetic excuse, if any be needed, for adding to those eloquent and dignified appeals which have already gone forth from the American Unitarian Association in behalf of Meadville.

Contributions in answer to this appeal may be sent to the Rev. William L. Chaffin, North Easton, Mass., Treasurer of the Meadville Endowment Fund.

M. A. B.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

Outer and Inner Sunshine.

The day with light its genial self engirds;
The trees are glad, with fluty voices dear.
"*Thou art my God!*" When I say o'er those words,
I see a light beyond the day, and hear
Voices far richer than the songs of birds.

Mine eyes with happy tears then overswim;
The thoughts I have are sweetest that can be;
My mind's a cup, with love above the brim;
Fine incense circles around all I see;
In every sound I hear a holy hymn.

"Thou art my God! thou, Father, thou, my Friend!
My Saviour thou, the eternal Lord of all!"
O thought which doth all deepest thoughts transcend,
Beneath whose painful stress I well may fall,
In love and wonder which shall know no end!

—*H. S. Sutton.*

Monday.

Be Like the Birds.

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

—*Victor Hugo.*

O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether piped they:
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

"He calleth and calleth, year by year,
Now there, now here:
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds! He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

Tuesday.

Consider the Lilies.

Lily, fair and pure and cool,
Floating on yon miry pool,
Is the sweetness all of you?
Has the mire from whence you grew

Naught of virtue,—building up,
Leaf by leaf, your perfect cup,
By some strange, transmuting skill
Moulding, shaping you at will?

Certes, many a flowering shoot,
With the wholesome earth at root,
Well may envy you, my queen,
Blooming from such depths unclean.

Yet is wrought no occult spell.
Nature but disposes well
All her forces: then she grows
Here a lily, there a rose.

One she tends with dew and sun,
Cribs in finest mould; and one
Buries 'neath the dark and slime,
Bidding each to bide its time,

Till, arrived at blossoming growth,
She is justified of both,
Since which sweetest is, who knows,—
Or the lily or the rose?

Therefore, O ye darkened souls,
Struggling upward unto goals
Ye must reach 'gainst bitter odds,
Courage! Nature's ways are God's.

What though he withhold from you,
For a season, sun and dew?
Where you cannot understand,
Trust to his transmuting hand.

—*Caroline A. Mason.*

WEDNESDAY.

Sparrows.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter and flitter and fold their wings.
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the Thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet,—
How value rises, and now declines;
How kings with their armies in battle meet,—
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish and sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,—
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that in these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay: he planned for the birds with the larger things!

—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

THURSDAY.

Nature's Worship.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made and praise is given
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills on earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

John G. Whittier.

FRIDAY.

The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother: "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
  Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
  Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
  "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
  To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
  Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
  Who suffer like him in the good they do!"

—*John G. Whittier.*

SATURDAY.

Trust.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson and large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
  Deep in the green hillside?
Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on back and breast and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
  Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping low to scan my prize,
Watching the motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
  A plaintive sound I heard.
And, looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a beech near the old stone wall,
Trembling and twittering, ready to fall,
  The poor little mother-bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung;
And, while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
  On a still more slender thread.
"Ah, birdie!" I said, "if you only knew
My heart was tender and warm and true!"
But the thought that I loved the birdlings, too,
  Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
  Under its load of care.
But, oh, if we only, only knew
That God was tender, warm, and true,
And that he loved us through and through,
  Our hearts would be lighter than air!

WHAT DOES UNITARIANISM SEEK TO BE AND DO?

It seeks to be a religion of life, a religion of reason, a religion of the spirit, a religion of beauty and good deeds and love, of worship and undying hope.

It seeks to be a religion that shall go hand in hand with scholarship and science and the free mind.

It seeks to foster education, to aid philanthropies, to be a mainspring of reforms.

It seeks to perfect individual lives, to sanctify homes, to lift up business into honesty and honor, to strengthen the State by giving it foundations of virtue.

It seeks to purify Christianity, to rid it of its unchristian and hurtful elements, and to make it once more the religion of the Golden Rule, the Beatitudes, the Two Great Commands, and the Lord's Prayer.

With Jesus as leader, with all great prophets of the soul as teachers, and with the Bible and all inspiring books as sacred Scriptures, it seeks to establish a Church in which all truth shall be sacred and all men brothers.

It seeks to build up the Kingdom of Heaven on earth,—that is, by love and helpfulness, to make earth a heaven.

It seeks to teach men, as Jesus did, to listen to the deepest voices of their consciences and souls as the voice of God;

To open human eyes to see in the universe a Father's house, and in the earthly life only a vestibule to something more glorious beyond;

To inspire men to do faithfully and joyfully the work given them to do while the day lasts, and, when the night comes, to lie down with perfect trust in the arms of Infinite Love and Care.

Did ever religion have aims loftier or more inspiring, more honoring to God or more useful to man, than these?

Then help us to disseminate the gospel of such a Christianity; to lay the foundation and build the walls of such a church.

J. T. S.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

This issue of the *Unitarian* will follow many of our readers to their summer homes. We hope the increased leisure of the resting season will add to the enjoyment of the many good things contained in this number. There is no sense in letting vacation become synonymous with vacuity. New thought, brighter hope, and larger faith are the real tonics. When Moses got discouraged under the continual strain of trying to nationalize the wandering Israelites, he wisely took a vacation and went up on to Mount Sinai; but, when he returned to the tents of his people, he held the Ten Commandments in his hand, the initiative of a new movement in civilization and righteousness.

If orthodox Congregationalism in America is to maintain any of the nation-forming influence claimed for it by the American speakers at the first World's Assembly of Congregationalists, just held in London, Eng., its leaders must bestir themselves. The Congregational denomination, it was asserted, "stands in America for self-government and freedom in the faith." It is "the denomination which educates." It "proclaims liberty throughout the land." The same audience which heard these eulogies listened on the same day to a paper upon "Doctrinal Conditions of Church Membership," by Dr. A. H. Bradford, in which it was pointed out that the Congregational denomination of America is far behind nearly all other denominations, and is in opposition to the enlightenment and liberty of the age, in still maintaining doctrinal conditions as test of church membership. The Baptist churches everywhere receive members who give evidence of having experienced the "new birth." The Methodist Church receives members upon evidence of "a change of heart." The Presbyterian Church, even, has no doctrinal test for membership, though it requires acceptance of such conditions from its officers. The Episcopal Church confirms all who are willing to submit to its regulations. The English Congregationalists have absolutely no doctrinal test whatever, but assume people will not seek church membership unless they are Christians. The American Congregationalists should hasten to remove the embarrassment which their eulogists must have felt in the face of these cold statistics by an immediate reform in church usage, in order, if not still to lead, at least to be abreast of the times.

The change necessitated would be no new innovation. Church usage, like theological creed, has been overlaid with *recent* tradition: it is only necessary to revert to the simpler, earlier methods. Cotton Mather said, "The churches of New England make vital piety the only terms of communion. They rejoice to see Congregationalists, Presbyterians, anti-Pedo-Baptists, and Lutherans, all members of the same church." It is doctrinal test of membership that is the real innovation. The first church known to have demanded this test was the church at Fitchburg, Mass., in 1808, followed by the Park Street Church in Boston, 1809.

As far as we can learn, no Unitarian was invited to participate, even by his presence, in this World's Council, although special seats were reserved for Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and representatives of other denominations. We wonder if any sense of impropriety will disturb the Congregational conscience in accepting the recently announced subscription of $10,000 toward the building of the new Mount Vernon Congregational Church, Boston, *by a Unitarian.*

The largest religious convention ever held has been the recent Christian Endeavor gathering at Minneapolis, Minn. It is said the hall in which the delegates assembled seated nearly 12,000, and at the evening meetings hundreds were unable to find standing-room. The convention was both international and inter-denominational. A speaker from the Sandwich Islands was followed by one from South Carolina, and another from Canada. Thirty Christian sects were represented. Such an assembly could not fail to give a certain breadth and catholicity to the words of those addressing it. But such vast gatherings present a dangerous temptation toward mere display, and "Who shall bear the banner?" seems at times to be the most anxious question. New York State won it this year, with a report of 2,354 organized societies. The greatest applause followed the secretary's announcement that the total membership now exceeded one million. We doubt if President Clark has stated his ultimate expectations; but it is to be hoped this immense corporeal power will be guided by its leaders toward some really practical activity before the weight of its phenomenal growth exceeds its spiritual impulse, or the tendency to mere emotionalism saps its manhood.

The article contributed by Dr. Briggs to the July *North American*, though distinctly aggressive, is absolutely free from all personalities and bitterness, and is additional proof that tolerance is perfectly compatible with the strongest convictions. On the other hand, the editorial summary in the July

Andover of the General Assembly's proceedings brings out very plainly the personal prejudice and irritation which—actually encouraged by the presiding officer, Dr. Patton, the "adroit ecclesiastic"—led the Assembly to forget its supreme judicial character, and act upon the petulant impulse of the moment. This leads us to reflect further that tolerance is intimately connected with a firm confidence in the ultimate prevalence of truth.

The decided and probably final defeat of Mr. Parnell at the Carlow election, is another striking illustration of that profoundly religious and blessedly true saying of Emerson's: "While a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of his nature; but, in so far as he roves from those ends, he bereaves himself of power."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Boston *Traveller* recently published a symposium upon "Temperance in Sunday-schools," from which the following sentences by Unitarians are taken:—

Mrs. C. G. Ames: "It has been the custom in the Church of the Disciples for both old and young to sign a temperance pledge, which is binding for a limited time, and renewed as a consecration. Both by temperance lessons and by stories the children have been interested in temperance principles. The children themselves have been much helped in many Unitarian Sunday-schools in adopting a pledge prepared by Rev. William Gannett, by which the girls signed, 'For their Sake,' and the boys, 'On Honor.'"

Rev. Stopford W. Brooke: "I most certainly believe in total abstinence in the Sunday-school, and think the best way to teach it, especially with boys, is to have good teachers who have an influence over and command the respect of their scholars. I would not have children take a pledge, except possibly for a term of years, but would have them decide for themselves when they get older. I think that at least one Sunday in the year should be set apart for the discussion of the whole subject."

Rev. George H. Hosmer said that, first and foremost, he was a total abstinence man, and he believed that the greater part of his congregation felt the same way. In his church they have a total abstinence society with a membership of fifty. They hold meetings once a month. His church is always open for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Ellen M. Everett: "Children should be taught such lessons of morality from the beginning as will include total abstinence from drink and tobacco. Object-lessons from real life form the most comprehensive teaching for little ones, and they soon learn that 'clean hands and a pure heart' cannot be associated with unclean and polluting things."

Mr. H. B. Blackwell and Mrs. Blackwell: "We believe the most effective way is to arouse the sympathies of the pupils for those who suffer from the effects of liquor,—to show by anecdotes and examples the miseries of the wives and children of drunkards, and thus create a feeling of hatred for the cause of so much suffering and disgrace."

Rev. S. H. Winkley: "If you truly teach Sunday-school, temperance must be included in the results; for, if a man learns to love God, his vices disappear. In my Sunday-school, we have one session devoted to the discussion of temperance each year, but, outside of that, do not consider this important question except incidentally."

Rev. C. R. Eliot: "Temperance lies do not help the cause. Exaggerated statements do harm, turning those against the cause whom we would most like to win. Hence, above all things, let teachers be careful as to their facts. Appeal to children from the motive, 'For their Sake.' The personal safety argument is a strong one, but often fails to stir the higher chivalric and Christian spirit of self-denial and self-forgetfulness. If you have a special temperance society, let it be also a charitable or helpful society. A few object-lessons of misery brought about by intemperance may do more to teach the wisdom and duty of total abstinence than a hundred sermons. Finally, do not talk temperance all the time. Live it all the time, and talk it on occasions."

At a reception recently given in London to Mr. J. N. Stearns, Secretary of the National Temperance Society of New York, Dr. B. W. Richardson paid a tribute to the "Temperance Work of America." Among other great names, he referred to that of Channing, saying, "Dr. Channing's sermons did a work quite without parallel." In his reply, Mr. Stearns told the following story in regard to one of Dr. Richardson's temperance books: "A local doctor, going into one of their reading-rooms, took up the book, and, after glancing at it for a moment or two, threw it down, with the remark, 'That man's a fool.' A few days after he came in again, took up the book, read on a little farther, and said, 'That man's a fool—or I am.' The next time he came he read right through to the end, then looked up, and said quietly, 'Well, *I'm* the fool, after all.'"

The R. W. G. Lodge of Good Templars has just held its thirty-fifth session at Edinburgh, Scotland. The order now numbers 410,000 adults and 160,000 juveniles. The first article of their platform is, "Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

The Free Church of Scotland Temperance Society has 286 branches, with 30,571 members, and 376 Bands of Hope, with 43,013 members.

Dr. A. Forel, said to be one of the ablest physicians on the continent, and a leader in the "Blue Cross" movement, a temperance organization in Switzerland now numbering 6,000, "has established a prohibition organization with sections in Zürich and Basel, with a growing membership, which is both total abstinence and in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic."

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution held its fiftieth annual meeting in London, May 26. It has two sections, the General Section and the Temperance Section. In the General Section, moderate drinkers, of the reputable sort, are accepted as risks; in the Temperance Section, abstainers only. In the period from 1866 to 1890 there were in the General Section a total of 7,277 expected deaths and of 7,034 actual deaths; while in the same period, from 1866 to 1890, there were in the Temperance Section a total of 4,856 expected deaths and of actual deaths but 3,423. That is, in the Temperance Section there were 1,433 deaths fewer than were expected, according to the basis of life insurance tables; while in the General Section the actual deaths were but 243 fewer than were expected. The lesson of these figures is obvious, and it is a striking proof of the great advantage of total abstinence as a basis for longevity.—*Temperance Advocate.*

GUILD DEPARTMENT.

We read of a flourishing guild in Milford, N.H., started only a few months ago, called the "Livermore Young People's Guild." The average age is about sixteen. It meets every Sunday evening three-quarters of an hour before the regular service. It numbers over thirty. It is broadly religious, giving a pleasant assistance to the church in the furnishing of flowers for the services and in the doing of charitable works. It is expected that a confirmation class will be formed from the guild.

The Guild of St. Christopher in Revere, Mass., held its anniversary on June 28, in the evening. There was an account of what the guild had done by Mr. Spavin. Addresses were read by Rev. George M. Bodge and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley. Closing remarks were made by the pastor, Rev. E. R. Butler.

As an instance of what a guild can do, it is pleasant to record the following item: In the church at Medfield, Mass., the subject chosen for the guild meeting of June 24 was "Helping the Minister." The minister was sick; and, as token of regard and sympathy, a note was sent to him, accompanied by some flowers. More than this, one who had been president of the guild for two years offered to take the minister's place in the regular church service. This he did, giving Mr. Savage's sermon on "Helping the Minister." How his example must have brought home the sermon to many minds! And, surely, there are many churches where this could be done. The guild is a powerful agent in developing the talent for such assistance in the church.

B. R. Bulkeley, *President.*

UNIVERSALIST NOTES.

DR. MINER'S GIFT TO TUFTS.

We have all been thinking and talking of Dr. Miner's splendid gift announced on Commencement Day at Tufts, by which he builds a new hall for the use of the Divinity School. For many years the school has been quartered in one-half of one of the dormitories, in small, inconvenient, and altogether unsuitable rooms, which have been greatly needed by the college for the accommodations of its undergraduates. By this noble endowment from the hands of the honored ex-president, the school will have a beautiful building of its own, planned with reference to its especial needs, located as the beginning of a new group, of which the second building will be a dormitory, no doubt soon to follow the new hall. The scene at the Commencement dinner when the president made public Dr. Miner's generosity and thoughtfulness was one of the most lively and enthusiastic ever seen on College Hill. Mr. James D. Perkins of Brooklyn and Hon. Charles Robinson of Boston added gifts of $1,000 each toward the new dormitory, and the gymnasium rang with the cheers and applause of the delighted assembly. Tufts is sure of the largest class in its history for next year, and the Divinity School is growing proportionately with the college.

In fact, all our educational institutions are most prosperous and efficient. Goddard and Dean graduated this year their largest classes. Clinton Liberal Institute is about to add a military department, with an army officer detailed for instruction of the cadets. Buchtel is to have a new scientific building. Lombard is rejoicing in the permanent endowment of a chair of theology by Hon. A. G. Throop, and they are even discussing the possibility of a theological chair at Akron. The good work of the last twenty-five years is bearing fruit, and we have a cluster of schools and colleges of which we feel justly proud.

DR. CONE'S BOOK.

The appearance of Dr. Cone's volume on "Gospel Criticism" is an event of more than denominational significance. It is of serious interest to all students of the great issues involved in the new criticism and its

verdicts upon the nature of the Bible and its various component books. It is not a book to be skimmed, not to be dismissed in a hasty paragraph. Dr. Cone's temper is admirable, his spirit irenic, his scholarship adequate, and his conclusions honest and conscientious. His positions in the main are those to which all thoughtful men are rapidly coming. His book is a genuine contribution to the resources of those who are anxious to know the feeling and judgment of the men who have explored the field of gospel criticism for the last quarter-century, and have made up a verdict as to the real status of affairs.

A MILITARY SCHOOL.

The enterprising principal of the Clinton Liberal Institute has accomplished an end which will be most gratifying to the young men who come within his constituency in securing the appointment by the government of an army officer as military instructor, and the establishment of military drill and the study of tactics as part of the regular curriculum for the young men. There were only one or two opportunities left within the limits of the act of Congress for the establishment of these posts under government supervision, and Mr. Pursell's success in obtaining the selection of Clinton is very creditable to his energy and skill.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Geo. H. Ellis is making an effort to get some first-class religious reading into the hands of summer travellers. To this end he has published a handsome pamphlet of ninety pages, entitled "Four Great Questions," by Rev. M. J. Savage, which will be sold in the railway stations and on the news-stands at 25 cents per copy. The pamphlet contains four sermons, entitled Can We Think God? Can We Trust God? May We Pray to God? May We Worship God?

We know of no nobler or more heroic life lived in this century than that of Dorothea Dix; nor do we know of any noble life the story of which has been more worthily told than that of Miss Dix. Her biography by Rev. Francis Tiffany is a work of rare interest and value. Let women read it to see what one frail woman can be and do. Let men read it to see what noble living means. We are glad to print Mr. Savage's sermon, which well epitomizes the thrilling history of her who "lived an epic and left others to sing it."

The late Charles Bradlaugh left behind him a book nearly finished entitled "Labor and Law." It is to be published soon.

We are glad to see the announcement that a biography is in preparation of Rev. W. H. Ryder, D.D., who was for so many years pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church, Chicago, and so influential a leader in his denomination. The biographer is Dr. Hanson.

Harper & Brothers have issued a pocket edition of Matthew Arnold's "Selections from the Poems of Wordsworth," so familiar to all the lovers of the "Golden Treasury Series." The little book is admirably dressed, and it is hardly necessary to say that it contains some of the finest of modern verse.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish, under the title "Practical Morals," the two manuscripts which recently divided the prize of $1,000 offered by the American Secular Union for the best work calculated to aid teachers in the important matter of moral instruction on a scientific basis. One, "The Laws of Daily Conduct," is by Nicholas P. Gilman: the other, "Character-building: A Series of Talks between a Master and his Pupils," is by Edward P. Jackson.

Intimations of Eternal Life. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a suggestive little book, rather scrappy, but containing many excellent thoughts upon The Reality of Things Unseen, The Indestructibility of Matter, The Convertibility of Forces, The Brain, Luminiferous Ether, The Psychic Body, Nature's Hints, The Nature of Death, Other Worlds Like Ours, Our Relations to the Dead, etc.

The *Pacific Magazine* is a vigorous monthly published at Seattle, Wash. Its editor is Rev. Lee Fairchild, a Universalist minister who has written from time to time for the *Unitarian.* It is brimful of the youthful, hopeful spirit of the new West, and is determined that literature as well as agriculture, manufactures, and commerce shall be represented in that West. A recent number contains portraits of the more prominent members of the Seattle bar, among which we are glad to see the face of our friend, Joseph Shippen, for many years an attorney in St. Louis and Chicago, and president of the Western Unitarian Conference, but now located in the Chicago of the Pacific North-west.

The *Conqueror* is the name of a small new monthly of the "Deva Dharma Mission" at Lahore, India, the object of which is the elevation of the moral and spiritual life of the Hindu people, somewhat in the line of the Brahmo Somaj. The Deva Dharma Mission movement seems to differ from that of the Brahmo Somaj, and yet to have a general character somewhat like it.

The number of students graduated at the University of Michigan at its last Commencement was five hundred and twenty, the largest number ever graduated from any university in America.

Cornell University is soon to make provision for the study of the Semitic languages by the appointment of a professor in this department.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

Atlantic Monthly (July).

Underground Christian Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani.

The Neutrality of Switzerland. By W. D. McCrackan.

College Examinations. By N. S. Shaler.

The Forum (July).

The Emperor William II.: his Character and his Policy. By F. Heinrich Geffcken.

University Extension in America. By Herbert B. Adams.

The Operation of the Interstate Commerce Law. By Aldace F. Walker.

Are our Immigrants to Blame? By Oswald Ottendorfer.

North American Review (July).

My Views on Philanthropy. By M. de Hirsch.

The Farmers' Discontent. By L. L. Polk.

The Inheritance of Property. By Richard T. Ely.

English Universities and Colleges. By Edward A. Freeman.

Industrial and Financial Co-operation. By F. B. Thurber.

The Arena (July).

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By George Stewart.

Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York. By Edgar Fawcett.

The Tyranny of All the People. By Francis Bellamy.

The Negro Question. By W. S. Scarborough.

New England Magazine (July).

The Municipal Threat in National Politics. By John Coleman Adams.

Schliemann's Discoveries in Hellas. By J. L. Ewell.

Emerson's Views on Reform. By W. M. Salter.

The Natural Bridge of Virginia. By Katherine L. Parsons.

Scribner's Magazine (July).

Starting a Parliament in Japan. By John H. Wigmore.

Outlawry on the Mexican Border. By James E. Pilcher.

International Journal of Ethics (July).

The Modern Conception of the Science of Religion. By Edward Caird.

The Functions of Ethical Theory. By James H. Hyslop.

The Morality of Nations. By W. R. Sorley.

J. S. Mill's Science of Ethology. By James Ward.

Vice and Immorality. By R. W. Black.

The Progress of Political Economy since Adam Smith. By Francis W. Newman.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States from 1861 to 1865, passed away, like John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, on the 4th of July, full of years and honors. Despite his age, Mr. Hamlin had been in excellent health this year; and at the time of his death he was enjoying the society of friends at the Bangor Club. He had attended several public receptions lately, visiting the family of his youngest son, Frank Hamlin, in Chicago, some months ago, and in one or two places *en route* made public speeches, his last public appearance being in New York.

No American statesman has left a more exemplary record than Mr. Hamlin. The memory of his distinguished public services will be proudly cherished by his native State. Among all the illustrious sons of Maine, Hannibal Hamlin ranked with the foremost and the best.—*The Graphic, Chicago.*

In religious faith Mr. Hamlin was a Unitarian. For many years he had been an active and honored member of the Bangor Unitarian church; and at the time of his death he was president of the Maine Unitarian Association. The funeral was strictly private, the religious services being conducted by Rev. S. C. Beach.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *or* ANN ARBOR, MICH., *before the* 18*th of the month.*]

Rev. Rollo Ogden of Rye, N.Y., formerly a minister of the Presbyterian Church, having asked to be admitted to the Unitarian fellowship, and having furnished satisfactory proof that he is well fitted to do good service in our ministry, and is eminently worthy of our recognition, is hereby cordially commended to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

D. W. MOREHOUSE,
S. H. CAMP,
GEO. L. CARY,
Committee of Fellowship for Middle States.

New York, July 10.

The Fourteenth Biennial Meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will be held at Saratoga Springs, September 21–24.

The Fourteenth Annual Unitarian Grove Meeting is to be held at Weirs, N.H., July 25 to August 3. The following is a condensed program:—

Sunday, July 26: sermon, Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Boston; sermon in the afternoon, Rev. James E. Wright of Montpelier, Vt.

Monday, July 27: sermon, Rev. G. M. Bodge of East Boston.

Tuesday, July 28: Sunday-school session in the afternoon under the direction of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston will speak on "The Sunday-school: Its Relations to Modern Life." Lecture on "Shakspere as a Moral and Religious Teacher," Rev. H. G. Spaulding.

Wednesday, July 29: lecture on "Robert Browning, the Poet of Art and Religion," Rev. John Cuckson of Springfield, Mass.

Thursday, July 30: sermon, Rev. John Cuckson of Springfield, Mass.; lecture on "Two Kinds of Christian Socialism," Rev. N. P. Gilman of West Newton, Mass.

Friday, July 31: lecture on "John Wesley and his Work," Rev. James Kay Applebee.

Saturday, August 1: sermon, Rev. S. C. Beane of Newburyport, Mass.

Sunday, August 2: sermon, Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia; sermon in the evening, Rev. James Kay Applebee.

Monday, August 3: excursion to Mount Washington.

There will be conference meetings every day, when discussions of special interest will be opened by well-known speakers.

Andover, N.H.—The Principal of Proctor Academy, Prof. T. W. White, and Mrs. White have resigned. They have rendered valuable service to the academy and to the community during the two years past. The fall term of the academy will open on September 7.

Baltimore, Md.—The First Independent Christ's Church of Baltimore is kept open as usual through the summer. Carefully selected sermons are read by different members of the congregation in the absence of the minister.

Boston and Vicinity.—An air of undisturbed tranquillity pervades the American Unitarian Association rooms. The secretary-in-chief has relaxed his vigilant attention, and sought for a brief period a happy retreat from interrogation. It is hoped no question-mark will find him out, either along the rail, or through the mail, or over the wires. Where is he? Ah! there he comes, you see. But no: we shall not tell. The absence of the usual merry groups of hand-shaking, news-exchanging, questioning, and congratulating brother ministers, reminds one of what a cheery centre of hearty good fellowship and encouragement "the rooms" represent through all the months of steady work and effort. But now our ministers are scattered far and wide, seeking, on ocean, mountain, lake, and stream, to fill full again the drained nerve-batteries. Of our twenty-one Boston churches five only will continue services through August. Two of these are Mission Chapels, another is the old church on Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, which always supplies its pulpit during the minister's vacation, and the other two are Union Services held at the Second Church (Copley Square) and the New South (Tremont Street).

Among ministers who are taking their vacation in Europe, we hear of Rev. S. W. Brooke and Rev. C. B. Elder.

Rev. Minot J. Savage spends the summer at North Woodstock, N.H. Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., is buried in literary work at his summer home at Matunuck, R.I. Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., will enjoy the perfect quiet of his thoroughly rural cottage home at Wayland, Mass. Rev. E. A. Horton stays at Centre Harbor, N.H., being announced as one of the prominent speakers at the Weirs Grove Meeting. Rev. James De Normandie is at Dublin, N.H., Rev. C. F. Dole at Mount Desert, Rev. Howard N. Brown at Cataumet, Mass., Rev. George H. Young has been the guest of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells at her perfectly charming residence at Campobello, near Eastport. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley takes his vacation in rendering friendly services among his neighbors. We hear of him as supplying several pulpits, and also carrying on the regular summer services at Lincoln, Mass. Rev. George D. Latimer visits his old home in Chicago. Rev. W. W. Locke goes to make a personal study of the Montana Indian School.

There is talk of a new church building for our Unitarian society at Brighton; and Rev. Albert Walkeley, the indefatigable minister there, is a likely man to conduct such an undertaking to a successful issue. It is thought the society in Harrison Square will also build a new church home, their present building needing expensive repairs, and not occupying the most desirable site. It is suggested that the church be moved toward Ashmont, where a considerable gain in membership might be confidently expected.

Brattleboro, Vt.—The Unitarian society, of which Rev. Frank L. Phalen has been the minister for three years, has just purchased a building and lot adjacent to the church. It is expected that a parish house will be the outcome of this step, in which there shall be parlors, study, Sunday-school, and work-rooms, and other needed conveniences for the work of a modern church. This movement is due to the growth and activity of the society and to the personal efforts and noble consecration of the late Miss Sarah Wells.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Rev. Marion Murdock has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church, and may spend next year in advanced study at Meadville.

Lowell, Mass.—At the annual meeting of the Channing Fraternity held in the vestry of the Unitarian church, the president, Rev. George Batchelor, in a brief address, outlined the work of the society in the past and the lines on which it might hope to continue its usefulness. It was the duty of Unitarians to be foremost in all philanthropic work; and he hoped the Channing Fraternity, through its various committees, would continue, as in the past, to furnish agencies through which people of all denominations might aid those in need and mitigate suffering. He suggested as a work which the Fraternity might well undertake the opening of a place which should offer attractions rivalling those of the liquor saloons, in the hope of furnishing a safe place of resort for young men who find in the glitter and sociability of the drinking-saloons a temptation they find it hard to withstand. The place should be large enough to give room for young men to meet socially, as they do in liquor saloons. It should supply all kinds of temperance drinks for quenching thirst and to enable men to gratify the instinct to "treat" which seems ingrained in human nature. It should furnish tea and coffee and lunch, and should be so provided that the poor and invalids could here obtain nourishing soups. The plan and scope of the undertaking might be left to the Committee on Benevolence and Hospitality.

At a subsequent stage of the meeting the suggestion was talked over and referred to the newly elected committee of the Fraternity, with instructions to report at a meeting to be held two weeks later, with the understanding that the Fraternity would back up any plan that was considered feasible. Among the various committee reports, that of the Culture Committee was the principal. The course of lectures, while not profitable financially, had been of exceptional merit, and had stimulated the intellectual activities of those who had attended, so that a mental profit might be considered certain. The Committee on Country Week reported that last season the resources of the committee had been $775, of which $190 was raised by a children's fair held at the house of Mr. Ludlam. 158 persons had been given a week or more in the country, of whom 111 were children. The expenditure was $535. Mr. Batchelor called attention to the fact that several denominations had contributed to the work of this committee, showing the true spirit of charity.

The Flower Mission reported 2,026 bouquets made up and distributed among the sick in hospitals, homes, and private houses,— 1,000 more than any previous season.

Milford, N.H.—The four arms of the Unitarian church here are: (1) The Unity Club; (2) The Emerson Class; (3) Livermore Young People's Guild; (4) Pillsbury Band of Mercy. They have been the means of increasing largely the number of young people connected with the church. The club numbers 112. The Emerson Class has been led by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Rich, and has roused a general interest in the reading of instructive and thoughtful books. The guild has conducted Sunday evening services, led by some one of the young people each week. The Band of Mercy is for philanthropic activities, at its first meeting considering "Kindness to Animals." A flower mission is to be part of its regular work. This branching out of church work has awakened considerable interest among the townspeople, irrespective of their church relations.

Mount Pleasant, Mich.—Miss Mary A. Tucker, a student of the Meadville Theological School, is preaching here during her vacation, and is giving excellent sermons. While the attendance is not large, it is, for the time of year, encouraging.

Newburyport, Mass.—On a recent Sunday a class of twenty-one young men and women received confirmation in the Unitarian church. The class, which was the result of a spontaneous movement on the part of the members, was organized for study last January, and has from the beginning evinced a deep interest in religion.

Plainfield, N.J.—Rev. Hobart Clark preached a very able and a very timely sermon a few weeks ago on "The Heretics in the Pews." It was so much liked that it has been repeated by request, and printed in the Plainfield *Press*.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The Unitarian cause here prospers. We shall print a letter from Rev. Mr. Utter in our next.

Seattle, Wash.—Mr. William G. Eliot, the son of Dr. Thomas L. Eliot of Portland, Ore., has accepted a call to the Unitarian church here for one year. He lacks one year of completing his theological studies at Harvard Divinity School, and expects to return to his studies there at the close of his year's engagement here.

—Seattle is to have a Harvard Club. There are in the city about seventy-five Harvard graduates, some of them in positions of much influence. Mr. Joseph Shippen is at the head of a movement to establish the new club.

Sioux City, Iowa.—Thirty-six new members have been welcomed into the Unitarian church since the 1st of January.

Toledo, Ohio.—Mrs. Jennings's Emerson Class shows no abatement of interest. A full outline of study for the next year has just been printed. There will be eighteen meetings, held every other Monday.

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Editor, JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN, *Cambridge, Mass.*

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW aims, first of all, to give faithful expression to the more deliberate thought of the body whose name it bears, especially of that thought which flows in the lines of its religious activity and life. But it knows no limit of sects or creed in the sources from which it draws or the ends for which it works. Criticism, speculation, or dogma, however dear to many, it holds subordinate to what concerns the immediate welfare of men.

In the field of Theology, this Review will welcome without distrust, and record without prejudice, whatever results appear to be fairly made out by critical investigation. It is pledged to no body of opinion, but only to a method which promises to bring about in the future a better harmony than now exists between religious thought and the intellectual life. It holds that Religion lies very near the actual lives of men; and that Theology, having to do with all the higher ranges of thought, has before it a definite constructive task, in the interpretation of those spiritual laws in which the welfare of man and communities is closely bound up.

Questions of the Day, especially those which touch upon matters of Political or Social Ethics, will continue to receive a large share of its attention; and regarding these the widest freedom of discussion will be encouraged. Great enterprises of Christian Charity or Social Reform, such as those so conspicuous at this moment in London and elsewhere, will (so far as possible) be reported by communications from observers, critics, or workers upon the spot.

The Editor has established, through personal communication, in the interest of this Review, lines of Correspondence with eminent leaders of opinion — theologians, religious teachers or workers, and men of letters — in England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, and Hungary, as well as in America, which he trusts will serve to make it a true representative of that broad movement of Liberal Religion, which is so marked a feature of our own time. It is his hope that every number may include contributions from one or more of the sources here indicated.

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